

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2653.—VOL. XCVI.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1890.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS) By Post, 6½d.



SCENE IN THE LOBBY, HOUSE OF COMMONS: DISTRIBUTING REPORT OF THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A near-sighted youth, on going in for his medical examination, was thus advised by that guide, philosopher, and friend, his "crammer": "The doctor will ask you about the horses on the common; say 'grey,' very rapidly, for all horses are either grey or bay." This was, no doubt, a too hasty generalisation; but it is the fact that to persons who do not concern themselves with the equine race horses are very much alike. A young gentleman of my acquaintance, who used that animal merely as the means of locomotion—"the means and not the end"—was once given a "mount" by the friend with whom he was staying to visit Reading races. On coming away he had taken the animal which was offered to him out of the crowded booth without investigation, and rode home on it. His host met him at the lodge gate, and with the quick eye of a proprietor perceived there had been an exchange which might (or might not) be a robbery. "Why, that's not *my* horse, Ned." "Is it not?" replied the enthusiastic equestrian. "It looked extremely like him."

I know another case where matters turned out much worse. A good man of business, but one who was a very careless rider, Mr. A., was wont to come to town on horseback every day, and put his horse up at a certain livery stable. Mr. B., a friend of his, used to do the like, and, on calling for his nag one evening, had another brought out to him by the ostler. "That's not my horse," he said: "that's Mr. A.'s horse." "Then Mr. A. must have taken your horse by mistake, Sir." "If so," said B, with gravity, "he is a dead man." And so, indeed, it turned out. Poor A., riding home with loose rein and careless seat, upon, as he thought, his own quiet steed, was thrown and killed upon the spot by a buck-jumper.

A still stranger example of the family likeness of horses in the eyes of the "unhorsey" man is reported in the police intelligence the other day. A man who left his horse and cart under a railway arch, and on his return found it gone, gave another man in charge, whom he saw in possession of it, for robbery. But, unfortunately, it was *not* his horse and cart, but the other man's. It may be putting the cart before the horse, but I do think he ought to have recognised the cart, whereas the other mistake seems excusable. It may be the wrong end on which to found evidence of identity, but, for my part, I generally distinguish one horse from another by the tail. Folk who drive (if only in cabs), and do not ride, naturally do

An anecdote has just been told me by a district visitor in the metropolis pleasantly illustrative at once of the gratitude existing in the criminal classes and of their keen sense of proportion. She (for it was a lady) was talking to a poor fellow who had recently been in that species of "trouble" which is associated with high walls and loose bricks on the top of them. "And was the prison chaplain kind to you, my man?" she inquired tenderly. "Kind, Miss! Lor' bless you, he couldn't have been kinder to me if I had been condemned to be hanged; *so there*." He felt—and, indeed, *she* felt—that sympathy could no further go.

It is supposed (by those who do not suffer from them) that adversity and misfortune are great ameliorators of the human heart. Poverty in particular is thought to be a "purifier" almost worthy of a pictorial advertisement, though Sydney Smith (who was a clergyman too) protested that he was a better man for every guinea added to his income. The fact is that "chastenings" require a peculiar class of victim to thoroughly-enjoy, or even to be benefited by, them. I have known some very decent characters to become morose (instead of being "disciplined") under the influence of cruelty and injustice: the wrong, however, was done them by their fellow-creatures. It is more unusual with us to resent the harshness of Fate. A very curious instance of this, however, occurred recently. A boy of fourteen was charged with several acts of theft, and appeared totally indifferent to his position as a malefactor. Proof was given of his scrupulously honest character up to the last three months, when he had been told by an oculist that he would lose his sight. Since then his character had been entirely changed, and he had become careless of all moral obligation. One would like to know what the psychological philosophers—if they would be good enough to use words of less than five syllables—have to say about this.

The gentlemen who from time to time are called before the American Congress to give evidence against International Copyright are often amusing from their peculiar views of morality, and, by whomsoever summoned, are certainly not taken at random. One of them signalled his appearance in the witness-box the other day by quite a new departure in the realms of roguery. He had nothing to say in defence of literary piracy, but based the practice on the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Fifty millions of people wanted to get their books for nothing, and only about two hundred persons (and those mere authors), he said, suffered by the theft. Supposing, therefore, that purses, instead of books, were in question, it would be wrong in the individual to pick a pocket, but not wrong in a mob to do so. This is indeed "the democratic principle" reduced to its very lowest terms.

In the recent discussions upon Parliamentary Privilege it is complained that no precedents were cited; but the fact is, it is a subject upon which our House of Commons has not very much to congratulate itself. The only practical advantage it has ever derived from privilege was the immunity of hon. members from arrest for debt. Whenever it came into conflict with the Law it got the worst of it. A curious example of this, arising from a small cause enough, but which culminated in a battle royal, occurred with respect to certain proceedings in the borough of Aylesbury, early in the last century, when some

freemen brought an action against the receiving officer for refusing their votes. This the House conceived to be a breach of privilege, and passed an order "declaring it to be penal in either judge, counsel, or attorney to assist at the trial." The action, however, was proceeded with, and was tried before Chief Justice Holt. The House sent its Serjeant-at-Arms to command him to appear before them. As no notice was taken of this, the Speaker himself, "attended by a great many of the members," went in person to summon his Lordship, and this is what his Lordship said: "Go back to your chair, Mr. Speaker, within these five minutes, or, you may depend on it, I'll send you to Newgate. You speak of privilege, but I tell you I sit here as a distributor of justice; and were the whole House of Commons in your—well, let us say—interior, I would not stir one foot." After this, we are told, "the matter dropped."

The list of unclaimed articles left in our railway carriages last year shows no diminution, and, indeed, includes more unlikely articles than ever. At a single London railway-station there were put up for sale no less than five hundred and eighty ladies' and five hundred and sixty-nine gentlemen's umbrellas, so that the male sex have not much to boast about as to their superior carefulness. When persons once begin to leave their umbrellas behind them, the habit seems to grow upon them. I once heard a peevish parent, interrogated as to the characteristics of his only daughter, reply: "Well, there is no girl in England so good at losing umbrellas." A famous professor of mnemonics used to teach his pupils to remember this article, when taking leave, by the words, "Good-bye, umbrella," the latter word, of course, to be spoken as an aside; but the *sotto voce* performance was often forgotten, when this form of farewell caused some astonishment in those to whom it was paid. There were two thousand one hundred and three gloves left behind, which would seem to indicate that one of their wearers had but one hand, or only dangled a glove for show, like Mr. Newman Noggs. There were seven hundred and sixty-four canes, and one hundred and fifty pipes, none of which could surely be set down to the ladies' account, and three kettles, which probably might be. They must have been taking five-o'clock tea in the train. Most marvellous, however, of all forgotten articles, there were twenty-eight tooth-brushes. Little hand-glasses and pocket-combs, for that hurried toilet called "titivating," are common enough with both sexes; but who ever uses a tooth-brush in a railway-carriage? One also wonders who, at the sale of these unclaimed goods, was found to buy the tooth-brushes!

Some people are not only very solicitous about being buried with a certain splendour, but also about the obsequies of their relatives. There is nothing that distresses very poor people more than the notion of being "buried by the parish," an apprehension with which I am quite unable to sympathise. It will not empty my dust-bin, and it would be a genuine satisfaction to me to reflect that it must remove my dust. It would lay me under an obligation to nobody, and be a distinct pecuniary gain. These things, however, are matters of taste: what one cannot understand is a filial feeling taking this pious direction to the extent of obtaining a coffin for one's deceased parent under false pretences. A young lady, writing from Marlborough House—one need not say, a false address—has, however, been guilty of this offence. She bespoke the funeral from Seven Sisters-road (which seems a long way from Pall-mall), and interred her relative from her lodgings at Tottenham quite handsomely, but when payment was demanded she explained that the Royal family were on the Continent, and could not send her a cheque. The advantage arising from this species of fraud is exceptional enough, inasmuch as restitution cannot be enforced (for the plumes and mutes have been used, and, without an order from the Home Secretary, the undertaker cannot dig up the oak coffin and exchange it for a deal one), but the moral obliquity which prefers pomp with fraud to honesty with cheapness in performing the last office to a parent is surely still more extraordinary.

The question of the refusal of the management of Her Majesty's Theatre to allow non-commissioned officers to occupy, in uniform, a private box is, in principle, by no means a new one. A similar contention arose a few years ago with respect to the right of an hotel-keeper at a fashionable watering-place to turn out a private soldier from the table d'hôte, to which some friend had—certainly somewhat injudiciously—treated him. In that case it was argued, on one side, that a man had a right to a seat anywhere for which he had paid, and that the fact of his being a defender of his country should not surely be any bar to it; while, on the other, it was contended that a private soldier had sometimes a tendency to take more liquor than was good for him, and that no officer—who ought to be the best judge—would like to sit down at the same table with him. This latter argument, if the statement is true, I must say, seems to be a strong one: for why should civilians be subject to what an officer resents? One's whole sentiment goes with the soldier; but it must be admitted that the hotel-keeper may have had his reasons, and meant no disrespect to her Majesty's uniform. Had the unwelcome guest been a non-commissioned officer—than whom no better-conducted man, as a rule, is to be found in any calling—the landlord's case would have been far weaker; but even then he might have thought he had still a leg to stand upon. Whether he would have had or not will probably be now decided, since the General who gave his man the use of his box has raised an action for "wrongful obstruction."

The preparations which are being made for the Exhibition which it is intended to hold at Edinburgh next summer were considered at a meeting held at the Mansion House on Feb. 17, under the presidency of Sir G. H. Chubb. It was reported that a site had been secured in a most attractive situation. There will be a special railway section; while the Post Office will have exhibits to show the progress of postage during the last half-century.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

St. Valentine's eve saw an exceptionally lively scene in the inner lobby of the House of Commons, where the Party "whips," Mr. Akers-Douglas and Mr. Arnold Morley, Lord Arthur Hill and Mr. Spencer, usually indulge most freely in their button-holing vocation, and where stalwart Mr. Boone and his brethren of the Press have made rapid "interviewing" almost a fine art. The official report of the Special Commission—commonly called the Parnell Commission—was the valentine anxiously waited for by hon. members and journalists. Quite a *queue* gathered at the door of the little Vote-office; Lord Arthur Hill's tall figure towering above the flock, which comprised Mr. T. P. O'Connor among other Irish members, Mr. Henry Broadhurst, Mr. George Howell, and numerous other well-known legislators. The throng grew impatient for the Report. At length, when one of Spottiswoode's porters reached the Lobby with a parcel of the coveted Bluebooks, one hon. member bent forward and cut the string, and there ensued a scramble for the blue-covered Reports, which were forthwith scanned by the curious in the smoking-room and on the benches of the House itself. The clear and succinct report of Sir James Hannen and his fellow-Commissioners, in short, engrossed the attention of all save the unfortunate wights who were continuing the debate on the Address under adverse circumstances.

What may be designated for convenience the Parnell Blue-book is a luminous report of 121 pages, signed by "James Hannen, John C. Day, Archibald L. Smith, and Henry Harding Cunynghame," at the Royal Courts of Justice, and dated Feb. 13. This important declaration is animated with the judicial fairness and impartiality which throughout the protracted inquiry characterised Sir James Hannen's exemplary conduct of the Commission. In the first place, it may be said, the Royal Commissioners place it on record that "We entirely acquit Mr. Parnell and the other respondents of the charge of insincerity in their denunciation of the Phoenix Park murders, and find that the 'facsimile' letter on which this charge was chiefly based, as against Mr. Parnell, is a forgery." They as explicitly absolve Mr. Parnell of intimacy with the "Invincibles" who perpetrated the terrible assassinations in Phoenix Park, and find "that Mr. Parnell did not make any remittance to enable F. Byrne to escape from justice." On the other hand, Mr. Davitt is stated to have been "mainly instrumental in bringing about the alliance" between the party of violence in America and "the Parnellite and Home Rule Party in America"; and it is found that the respondents "accepted subscriptions of money from Patrick Ford, a known advocate of crime and the use of dynamite." It is essential also to quote the following grave judgment (bearing in mind that it is claimed on behalf of Mr. Parnell that his consistent policy has been to wean the Irish party of violence to the Constitutional agitation which he champions for Ireland):—

In our judgment the charge against the respondents collectively of having conspired to bring about total separation is not established. But we find that some of them, together with Mr. Davitt, established and joined in the Land League organisation with the intention by its means to bring about the absolute independence of Ireland as a separate nation. We think that this has been established against the following among the respondents: Mr. Davitt, Mr. M. Harris, Mr. Dillon, Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. W. Redmond, Mr. J. O'Connor, Mr. Joseph Condon, and Mr. J. J. O'Kelly.

The serene calm and brief sittings of the House of Lords continue to offer the strongest contrasts to the animated Irish discussions in the Lower House. The Prince of Wales, who has been remarkably diligent in his attendance since the opening night of the Session, joined the Duke of Westminster, on Feb. 13, in introducing the Duke of Fife under his new title. Lord Dunraven, as knight-errant of the labourers, the next day secured the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the report on the "sweating system" found to be in vogue in the East-End. The same noble Earl, on the 17th, in the absence of Lord Salisbury (seeking recreation in the salubrious sea air of Bournemouth), endeavoured to draw Earl Cadogan as to the scope of the Ministerial measure for extending local self-government in Ireland; but his Lordship might as well have tried to catch a weazel asleep as the wideawake Lord Privy Seal, who warded off the premature query in the neatest, coolest, and clearest manner. The amenities of the Upper House were exemplified by the fitting of Lord Herschell from the front Opposition bench to consult on the Ministerial bench with Lord Knutsford, and by the blandness of Earl Granville's soft commentary on the hopeful statement of the Secretary for the Colonies respecting Australian Federation.

So much valuable time is consumed in the Commons on the debate of the Address, that it may by-and-by be worth consideration whether it would not be expedient to discontinue this formal practice altogether. Time is manifestly ripe for one other reform, which should lead to dispatch in the transaction of business. The daily "heckling" of Ministers, fostered by the custom of interrogating Secretaries of State on every imaginable question, from the condition of the town pump of Ballyhooley to the rations of Killaloo paupers, ought to be curtailed. The Leader of the House could easily dispose of the great majority if not all of these questions by having the official answers printed, as suggested, in the Order paper.

The leading features of the prolonged debate in the Commons may be soon summarised, albeit the usually distressingly diffuse speeches have filled many columns of the dailies. The deliverances of the movers and seconders, Mr. Royden and Lord Brooke, were exceptions to the rule, and their merits deserved the cordial encomiums of Mr. Gladstone. Acceptably clear and lucid, the speech of the Leader of the Opposition himself was somewhat surprisingly mild and moderate—a welcome novelty to Mr. W. H. Smith, who informed the House that the Government had a measure ready for providing district councils in England and Scotland. Mr. Parnell was in his tame and quiet mood on Feb. 13, when, looking quite handsome in his closely buttoned frock-coat, the blonde-bearded Irish Leader moved his amendment to the Address. This was to the effect: "That we humbly represent to your Majesty that the happy growth of peaceful and amicable relations between the peoples of Ireland and of Great Britain has been grievously impeded by the unjust, exasperating, and futile administration not only of the exceptional repressive legislation of the year 1887, but of the ordinary criminal code, by her Majesty's Government." Mr. William O'Brien's loud and frenzied speech in support of this amendment met with a forcible reply from Mr. T. W. Russell on the 17th; and on the 18th, after effective speeches by Mr. Balfour, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Sir Henry James, and Mr. John Morley, the division took place: Mr. Parnell's amendment being negatived by a majority of 67. The palpable reduction of the Ministerial majorities this Session caused the debate on the Report of the Special Commission on Feb. 24 to be looked forward to with considerable interest.

A Civil List pension of £75 per annum has been granted to Miss Ellin Isabelle Tupper, daughter of the late Martin Farquhar Tupper.

Mr. Ernest R. C. Cust, of Lincolnshire, has presented £1000 to the fund for the restoration of the parish church at South Kyme, and £1000 towards restoring Faldingworth Church.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg left Osborne on Feb. 19 for Windsor Castle. There are only a few items of Court news at Osborne to report. Prince George of Wales arrived there on Feb. 12 from the Vernon, at Portsmouth, returning to his vessel next day. The Queen received with deep concern on the 14th the news of the death of Earl Sydney, who had been for so many years attached to her person, and had held high and important offices in her household, and for whom her Majesty had the highest regard. General the Right Hon. Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Ponsonby had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family on the 15th. The ladies and gentlemen in waiting joined the Royal circle in the drawing-room. The Misses Ponsonby, Lieutenant Ponsonby, Coldstream Guards, and Lieutenant Ponsonby, Grenadier Guards, were invited. The band of Mr. Rutland, of West Cowes, played a selection of music. Her Majesty and the Royal family and members of the household attended Divine service at Osborne on the morning of Sunday, the 16th. The Rev. Canon Prothero officiated and administered the Holy Communion. Information has been received at Portsmouth that the Royal yachts will not be required for the use of the Queen until March 25, when, according to present arrangements, her Majesty will embark at Portsmouth for Cherbourg.

We are authorised to state that the Queen will hold a Drawingroom in about a fortnight's time. The date has not yet been decided.

The Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords on Feb. 13, and took part in the ceremony of the introduction of the Duke of Fife. In the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, and suite, visited the Savoy Theatre. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Prince of Leiningen visited the Prince and Princess of Wales on the 14th, and remained to luncheon. The Prince of Wales went to the House of Lords in the afternoon. Prince Waldemar of Denmark left Marlborough House to rejoin the Danish corvette St. Thomas at Gravesend, whence she sailed next day for Copenhagen. On the 15th, Prince Christian, Prince Christian Victor, and the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg visited the Prince and Princess of Wales. Their Royal Highnesses, the Princesses Victoria and Maud and Prince George of Wales witnessed the performance at Terry's Theatre in the evening. On Sunday morning, the 16th, the Prince and Princess and Princesses Victoria and Maud were present at Divine service. His Royal Highness went to the House of Lords on the 17th, and in the evening the Prince and Princess, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, witnessed the performance at the Gaiety Theatre. Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck, and Princess Victoria of Teck visited the Prince and Princess on the 18th, and remained to luncheon. His Royal Highness was present at the debate in the House of Commons in the afternoon; and, attended by Colonel Clarke, went in the evening to the second concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.

Prince Albert Victor, on arriving at Jeypore on Feb. 13, was received by the Maharajah with splendid ceremonial. A procession was formed, consisting of twenty-five elephants and troops and native followers, and as it passed along the crowded streets a body of Nazas executed their famous war-dance with naked swords. It has been decided that the visit of Prince Albert Victor to India shall be commemorated by associating the name of his Royal Highness with several regiments of the Native Army, as was done after the visit of the Prince of Wales.

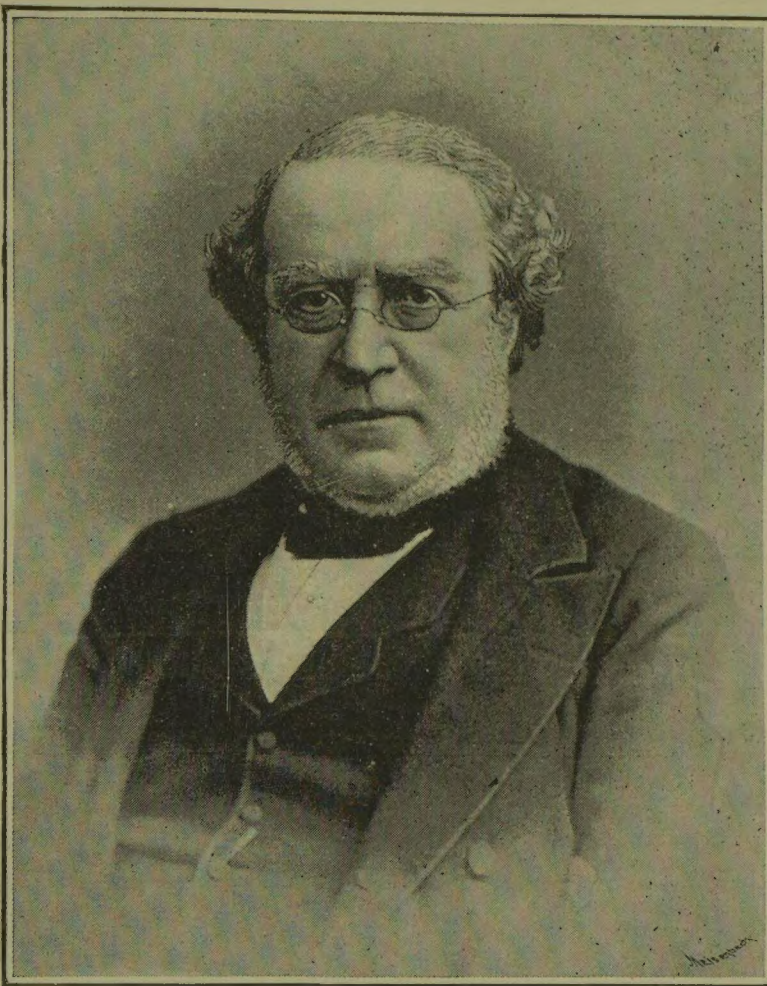
Prince Christian and Prince Christian Victor, attended by Colonel George G. Gordon, dined on Feb. 14 with Colonel the Hon. H. Cory and the officers of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, at their mess, Victoria Barracks, Windsor.

ENGLISH OFFICERS ON WEST COAST OF AFRICA.

The notorious unhealthiness of the climate of Sierra Leone, or rather of the low-lying country around the town, has long since earned it the name of "the White Man's Grave." The resident European population does not exceed two hundred, including the Governor, Colonial Secretary and Treasurer, Chief Justice, and three or four other official gentlemen, the merchants and their clerks, and the officers of the West India Regiment. We regret to hear of the death of a promising young Army surgeon, Dr. Glascott H. Symes, M.B., of the Army Medical Service, who succumbed to fever on Jan. 2, at Robari, a station about one hundred miles from the capital, Freetown. He was twenty-eight years of age, eldest son of the late Dr. Glascott Symes, M.D., Hume-street, Dublin, and grandson of Glascott Symes, M.D., of Kingstown. He graduated in Trinity College, Dublin, entered her Majesty's service in 1885, and served at various home stations until November 1886, when he volunteered for service on the West Coast of Africa. There he went, and served a year, then returned on leave in December 1887, and, when his year's leave was up, again volunteered for that coast, and went out in February 1889; but death has prevented him ever returning to his native country and to the friends who now mourn their loss. Two short days of painful suffering ended his life, while his last hours were attended to by the only other white officer in the place, and by his faithful black servant boy. The hut in which he lived at Robari is shown in our Illustration, from a photograph taken by himself, communicated by his uncle, Mr. W. J. Symes, Kingstown.

SIR ALFRED GARROD, M.D., F.R.S.

Her Majesty has appointed this eminent London medical practitioner to be one of the Queen's Physicians. Sir Alfred Baring Garrod is a native of Ipswich, born in 1819, son of Mr. R. Garrod, of that city. He studied at University College and Hospital, and took his degree of M.D. at the London University in 1843. In 1856 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and filled the office of Vice-Presi-



SIR ALFRED GARROD, M.D., PHYSICIAN TO THE QUEEN.

dent last year. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, and has made valuable contributions to pathological science. Dr. Garrod was one of the professional gentlemen who in 1887 received the honour of knighthood upon the occasion of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street.

Lord Willoughby de Eresby has conceded to his tenantry in North Wales a reduction of 20 per cent in their rents for the past half-year. His Lordship granted a similar remission at the last half-yearly audit.

Our Portrait of the late Earl Sydney, Lord Steward of the Queen's Household, is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street; and that of the late Lord Lamington from one by Messrs. Hughes and Mullins, of Ryde, Isle of Wight.

The annual festival of the supporters of the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution was held on Feb. 17 at the Hôtel Métropole, Mr. H. H. Marks (L.C.C.) presiding. There was a large company of ladies and gentlemen present. Subscriptions were announced to the amount of nearly £900, including twenty-five guineas from the Queen, and a hundred guineas from the chairman.

Success attended the twenty-third annual festival of the Drovers' Benevolent Institution, which took place on Feb. 18 in the Whitehall Rooms of the Hôtel Métropole, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, Sir Henry Isaacs. His Lordship made a fervent appeal on behalf of the charity, and the audience responded by contributing £625 towards the funds of a most deserving institution.

THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.

The celebration of the annual jocular public festivity, at this lively winter and spring season town of the French Riviera, was of course witnessed by many English and foreign visitors; but the weather on Tuesday, Feb. 11, and next day, was not so genial as people at Nice have a right to expect. The first day was rainy; and the second, to which the grand pageant of the Corso was postponed, was very cold and chilly, with little or no sunshine. The cavalcade, which started at half past one in the afternoon, began with an escort of about three thousand French troops, with mounted heralds and trumpeters. It comprised a huge car bearing persons attired as Greek gods and goddesses, Jupiter and Juno, Apollo, Mars, Venus, Diana, Mercury, Vulcan, Bacchus, Cupid, and the rest of them, with Pan, Satyrs, and Bacchantes; Pharaoh, King of Egypt, on another car, preceded by other stately figures from the Land of the Nile, and followed by Cleopatra; ancient Roman warriors, Roman gladiators, and the Empress Messalina; Gauls and Franks, and several Bourbon Kings of France, Henri IV., Louis XIII., Louis XIV., and Louis XV., with their Prime Ministers, Sully, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert, and with French princes and nobles; the early Russian Czars, down to Peter the Great; the soldiers of the French Republic and Empire, with Napoleon I. and all his Generals. In the rear marched several companies of the Alpine Chasseurs, with guns, escorting a car formed of various weapons, like a military trophy, around which many gentlemen, on foot, on horseback, and on bicycles, carried wallets to collect money gifts for the benefit of local charities. There was an improvement in the weather on subsequent days of the Carnival; and on Monday, Feb. 17, the "Battle of Flowers," and the procession of decorated carriages, some of them loaded with garlands of violets, roses, and lilacs, were displayed with good effect. One droll equipage was an enormous cradle, with several full-grown ladies and gentlemen dressed as babies.

BROWNING'S "STRAFFORD" AT OXFORD.

The somewhat venturesome experiment of the University Amateur Dramatic Society at Oxford, during the past week, has special interest for a double reason, as a tribute to the memory of the great poet who has so lately died, and as affording scope for the talents of Mr. Henry Irving jun., of New College, son of a great actor.

The tragedy, as is well known, is a poetical version, rather literary than dramatic, of the events of the year 1640; actual historical fact being little regarded, in the effort to emphasise the difference in character between Pym and Strafford—Pym, the devotee of a cause; and Strafford, the martyr to his love for an individual. The main strength of the drama lies rather in the beauty and pathos of certain speeches contained in it than in variety of incident; and what is, perhaps, the most dramatic scene of the whole play—the first of the fourth act, in which Charles signs the warrant for Strafford's execution—is by no means that which most impresses the reader. In meeting the difficulty which thus arises, the Oxford actors were greatly assisted by Mr. W. L. Courtney's skilful arrangement of the text for stage purposes.

Mr. H. Irving (New College), who sustained the part of Strafford, is to be congratulated upon what was, on the whole, a powerful piece of acting. Those who had seen him on the Oxford boards in "Julius Cæsar" were hardly prepared for so great an artistic advance. It is true that in the first two acts Mr. Irving's rendering of the character seemed somewhat forced and artificial; while in gesture and intonation there was often a strong suggestion of the Lyceum manner. But these defects wore off as the performance progressed, and throughout the remainder of the play Mr. Irving gave a natural and sympathetic interpretation of the part. In his later scenes with Lady Carlisle (Mrs. Charles Sim), and especially in the final prison scene, with its successive incidents—the children's song, the visit of Holles and the King, the last interview with Pym—he did full justice to the author's conception, never failing to strike that note of subdued pathos which should be heard throughout.

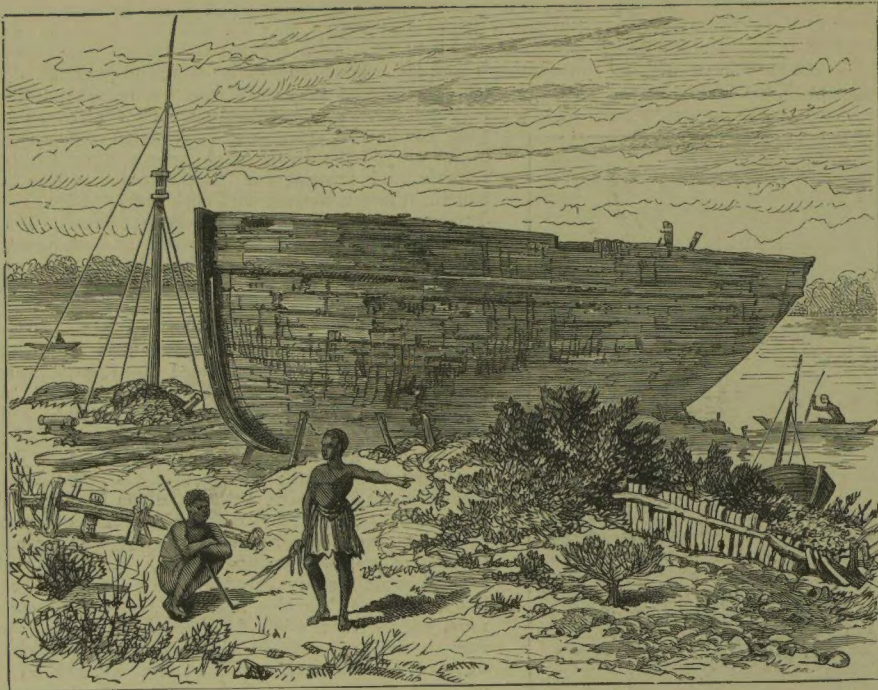
Mr. E. H. Clark's (New College) Pym was a careful and consistent piece of acting; but a certain monotony of delivery and gesture, while it threw Mr. Irving's presentation into bolder relief, seemed to detract from the power of his own impersonation. Mr. Clark looked his part well, and is evidently a conscientious and painstaking actor; but he was, nevertheless, a little disappointing.

The King and Queen (Mr. A. Mackinnon, Trinity College; and Miss Kate Behnke) both looked and acted their parts admirably; while Mrs. Charles Sim, as has been already said, was in complete touch with Mr. Irving after the first few scenes had passed. Perhaps the art of "making up" was best exhibited in the Sir Henry Vane of Mr. P. Pullan (Christ Church), who also succeeded in infusing into his part a touch of dry humour which greatly aided the course of the play, tending as it does to be unrelievedly serious throughout. Of the minor characters, Mr. H. T. Farmer (Balliol College) deserves a word of praise as the impetuous younger Vane, and Lord Warkworth (Christ Church) as Denzil Holles; while Mr. S. Johnson (Christ Church), in the humble capacity of "a follower of Strafford," showed undoubted ability to sustain a better part. Miss Bessie Graves and Miss D. Gilpin, as Strafford's children, William and Anne, gave a very pretty rendering of the "O bell' andare" in the concluding scene of the drama.

The whole of the scenery for the play of "Strafford" was designed by Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A. On the whole, the University Dramatic Society has more than maintained its reputation by this performance.

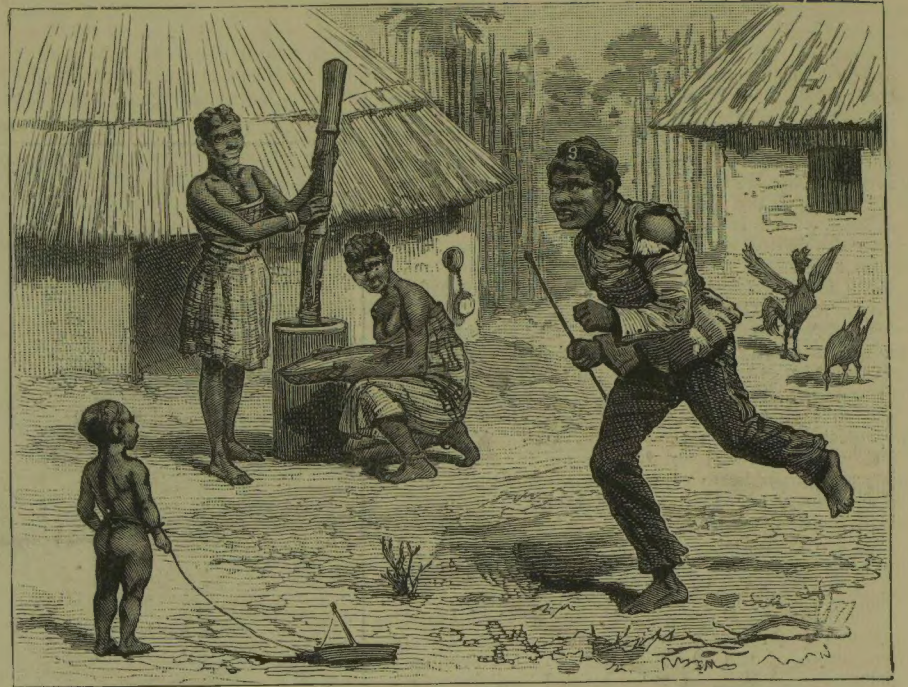


OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT ROBARI, NEAR SIERRA LEONE.



ABANDONED HULL OF AN UNFINISHED VESSEL AT CHILVANE.

SKETCH BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.



PORTUGUESE BLACK SOLDIER AT CHILVANE: LATE FOR MORNING PARADE.

SKETCH BY MR. WALLIS MACKAY.

PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICA.

Our correspondent, Mr. Wallis Mackay, writes the following description of one of the neglected and languishing Portuguese maritime stations:—

"The island of Chilvane, on the Mozambique coast, though ostensibly a port, has little or no shipping or trade; indeed, I doubt if the authorities themselves have a single seaworthy vessel, beyond one or two small rowing-boats. The harbour, if the sea-beach near the Custom House and 'Governor's' House can be so called, is occupied by a few 'whalers,' with latteen sails, belonging to the Banyan traders; while occasionally an Arab 'dhow' makes its mysterious appearance, and as mysteriously disappears. The arrival of these, and the crude 'dug-outs' of the Kaffir fishermen, make up the sum total of nautical enterprise. Nevertheless, there stands on the stocks the unfinished hull of a somewhat pretentious brig, rotting under the action of many rains and of the sun; it will doubtless remain till a more than usually violent sea beats it into complete wreck. This vessel was in course of construction by one Karl Auspich, *alias* 'Fischer,' who had

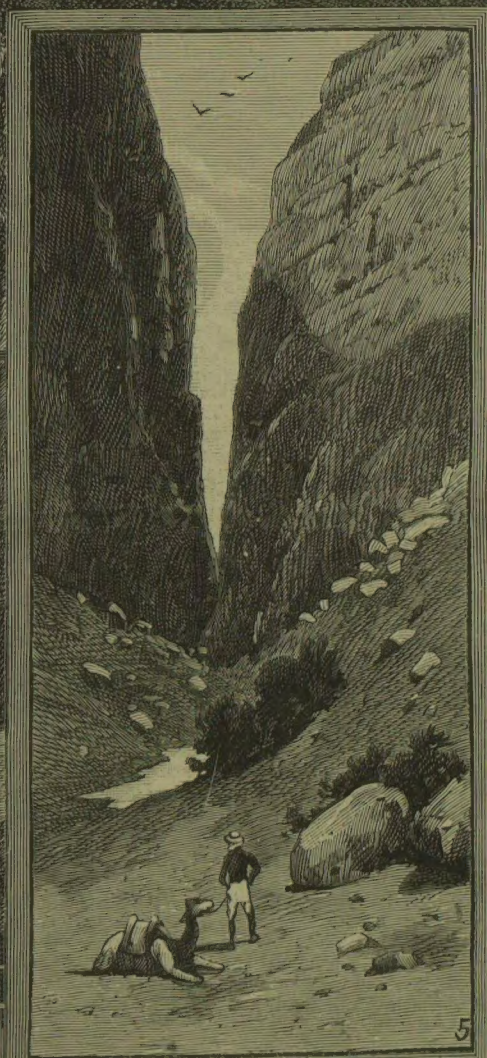
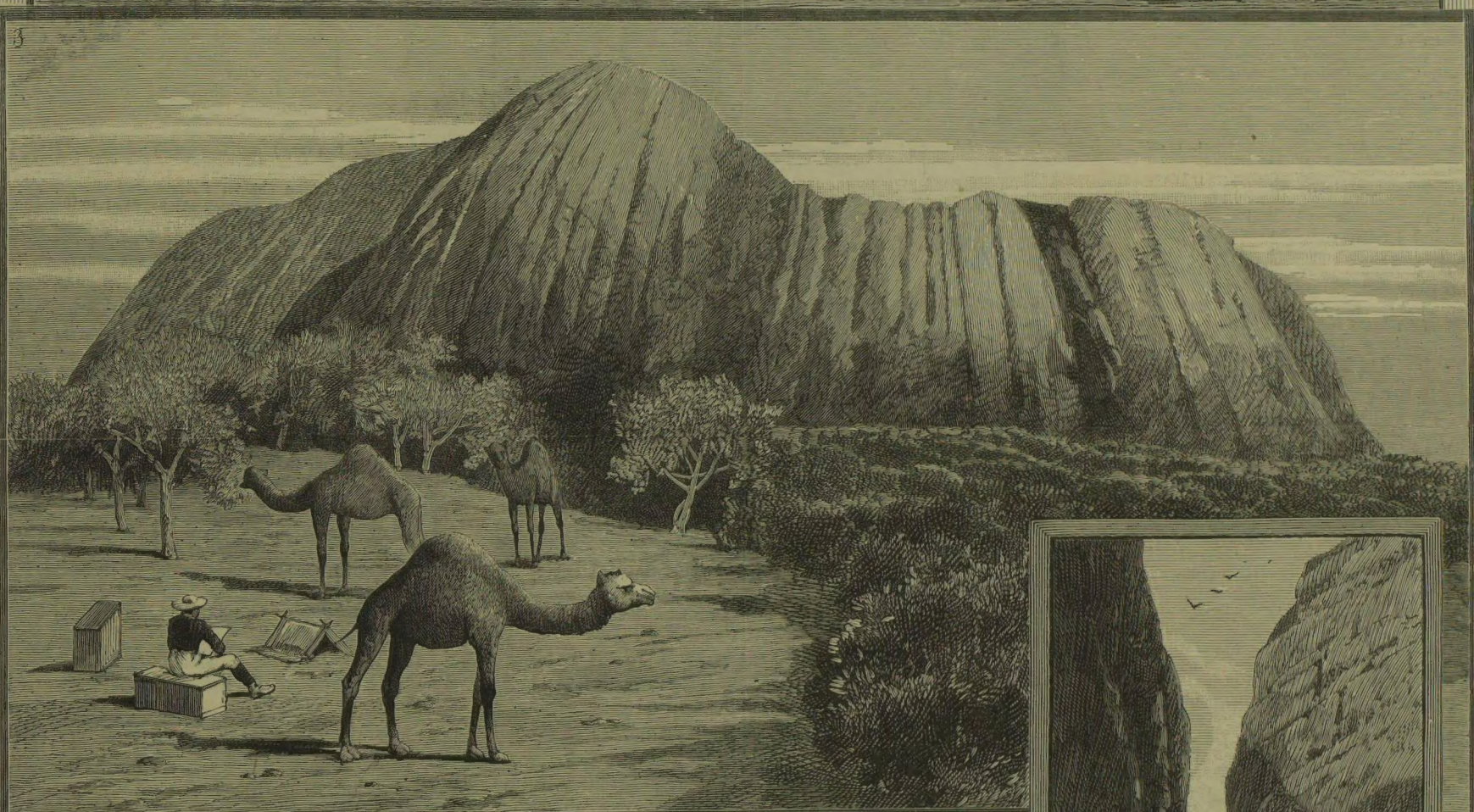
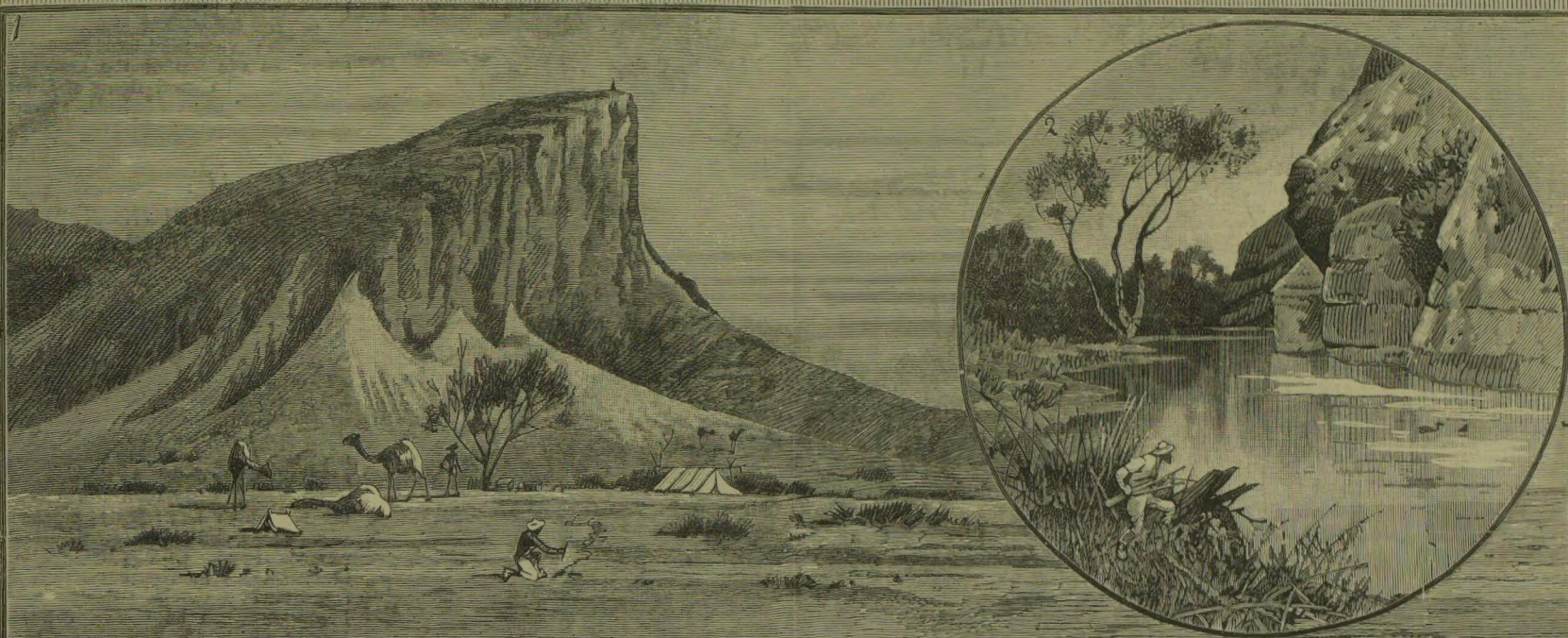
robbed the Bank of Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, of a large sum of money. He escaped to Chilvane, where he was cordially received by the Portuguese authorities, the European population consisting already, for the most part, of convicts from Portugal. The Governor cashed his stolen bullion, and became his banker; then he began to build this vessel for the purpose of trading, or to escape across the seas. Having to go to Basarute, for materials or such like, he received Portuguese escort and protection, in spite of which, it is generally understood, he was poisoned on his journey. Then the Governor confiscated his money, and seized the unfinished boat for dock dues (behold the dock!), yet the complaint now is that the Portuguese Government is some £1500 out of pocket through the enterprise of this English subject. The Banyans, or British Indian traders, will not purchase the brig, for good reasons of their own; and she is of no use to the Arabs, being unsuited to their peculiar form of 'merchandise.' My Sketch of this nautical 'white elephant' in the possession of the Portuguese Government was made in August 1889.

"My next Sketch is that of one of the black 'troopers,' twenty-eight of whom, under a couple of Portuguese sergeants,

constitute the garrison of Chilvane. They are of the lowest type of negro, mostly criminals, the off-scourings of the prisons, and have not improved under the military régime of the Portuguese Government. In the *Fortnightly Review* of February Mr. Rankin writes of this class of native soldiers that when employed to collect the *mussoo*, or poll tax, they are 'in the habit of forcibly dishonouring the women, and murdering their husbands and fathers if they resist or interfere.' The subject of my sketch has been out overnight, on some escapade, and is now hurrying through the sand of the village, endeavouring to reach the barracks before the morning bugle call ceases for early parade. The condition of his relief jacket and other portions of his uniform show a pleasing condition of regimental discipline. His absence at roll-call will be punished by a sound thrashing with the 'shambock,' administered by one of his comrades under order of the sergeant; but no doubt he will soon have an opportunity of doing the same office to another soldier. While I was sojourning on the island this fellow and his like always favoured me by spitting when I passed, in recognition of the fact that I was 'Engleesh navy dog.'"



THE CARNIVAL AT NICE.



1. Mount Leisler,

2. Glen Edith.

3. Mount Olga.

4. Glen Emily.

5. Mount Sonder.

RECENT EXPLORATION IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. TIETKINS AND SKETCHES BY A. J. VOGAN.

THE LATE COUNT ANDRASSY.

A distinguished statesman of the Austro-Hungarian Empire died on Feb. 18—namely, Count Julius Andrassy, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, in succession to Count Beust, from November, 1871, and during the last war between Russia and Turkey. He acted at the Congress of Berlin, in June and July 1878, as the Austrian Plenipotentiary, when Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury were generally in concurrence with the policy that he represented. Count Julius Andrassy was born at Zemplin, in Hungary, in 1822, his father, Count Charles Andrassy, being a patriotic Hungarian nobleman, zealous in promoting the agricultural and industrial welfare of his country. In 1847 he was elected a member of the Hungarian Diet, and took an active part in the struggle, led by Kossuth, for the political liberties of Hungary. After the defeat of the Magyar army, he became an exile in France and England, but returned under the amnesty of 1857, was re-elected to the Diet, joined the constitutional party of Francis Deak, and was Vice-President of the Diet of Pesth. In 1867, when the separate Government of the Kingdom of Hungary was restored, Count Andrassy became its Prime Minister, and effected great reforms, including the civil emancipation of the Jews, large administrative improvements, and the construction of railways. He has for some time been in retirement from public business, but was held in much esteem by the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph, and by the Hungarian nation.

RECENT EXPLORATION IN CENTRAL AUSTRALIA.

Mr. W. H. Tietkins, a well-known Australian explorer, read a paper, in October last, before a large meeting in the Townhall, Adelaide—the Governor of South Australia presiding—on his recent explorations in Central Australia, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. The expedition commenced the exploring part of its journey at the Bond Springs, near the Overland Telegraph line, and beneath the Tropic of Capricorn, after travelling some six hundred miles from War-rina, the most northern extremity of the South Australian Transcontinental Railway. This line is now being rapidly pushed over the thousand miles that remain between the Adelaide and the Port Darwin (Northern Territory) system of railways. The party consisted of the leader, Mr. W. H. Tietkins, F. Warman, and D. Beetson; also a black tracker and a native boy. Twelve camels were taken for packing and riding purposes.

The first path of the exploring caravan led from the telegraph line along the northern slope of the Macdonnell ranges, of recent ruby-mining fame. Mount Sonder was the first important eminence that was reached, and then a grand pastoral country was passed through to Glen Edith, a very beautiful spot, discovered by Mr. Ernest Giles in 1873, lying to the south-west. A dreary and monotonous undulating sand-hill country was next traversed for about 170 miles, the sharp-pointed porcupine grass, or spinifex, covering the whole ground. At Giles's Creek, gums and pines were met with in the sandstone gorges of the low, broken ranges. Glen Emily (long, 129 deg. E.), named after the first explorer's sister, is an extremely lovely but lonely paradise in the wilderness. The luxuriance of the tropical vegetation here was remarkable: it would seem to be caused by the large rainfall (for Australia) due to the Macdonnell ranges.

This party, going farther, entered a fearful stony desert, which was traversed for a hundred miles. They discovered a remarkable peak, 1500 ft. in height, which was christened Mount Leisler, in honour of the Glasgow gentleman, Mr. Louis Leisler, who fitted out, at his own cost, Mr. Ernest Giles's Fowler's Bay Expedition of 1874-5. From the summit of this height—which is of sandstone formation, covered with a hard silicious deposit, called quartzite by the geologists of the colony—a lake was discovered twenty-five miles to the south-west. It has been named Lake Macdonald, after the well-known secretary of the Melbourne branch of the Royal Geographical Society of Australasia. This lake is seventeen miles long, east and west, and twelve miles wide, north and south. Spinifex-covered sand-hill country surrounds its shores; but good pastoral country extends to the south and west—for what distance is unknown.

One object of the expedition being to discover the whereabouts of the supposed Lake Amadeus, which Mr. Ernest Giles, when exploring to the southward, thought must exist from the course of certain creeks that he crossed, a diversion was made, with the result of finding that Lake Amadeus does not exist. It must be obliterated from future maps of Australia. Only long rows of weird sand-hill country were found where the lake waters should have been. "Mount Unapproachable" was the next point of the expedition, across splendid pastoral country; and there, as the tracks of other explorers were crossed, its chief work ended. No natives were met with during the whole journey from Glen Edith. A curious mass of conglomerate, 1500 ft. in height, named Mount Olga, was also visited near the Long Range, north-east of Mount Unapproachable. It had been previously discovered by Mr. Ernest Giles. No mineral country was found in these explorations; but much pastoral land was brought within view.

Our illustrations were drawn by Mr. A. J. Vogan, at Adelaide, under Mr. Tietkins's supervision, from the photographs taken during the expedition, which were much impaired by the vicissitudes of travel. Mr. Vogan, as our readers know, has recently returned from exploring in a somewhat similar country, and his sketches of the wilder parts of northern and western Queensland, published in this Journal, will, no doubt, be remembered.

The second concert of the Meistersingers took place on Feb. 18, at their club in St. James's-street, when there was a large gathering present, comprising many distinguished musical amateurs.

Lord G. Hamilton presided on Feb. 18 at the annual court of the Seamen's Hospital Society, and pointed out that the sailors of twenty-six distinct nations had received relief at the hospital at Greenwich. The subscribers to its funds included most of the Crowned Heads of Europe and representatives of nearly every civilised Government. The Bishop of Rochester moved the adoption of the report, a resolution which was seconded by Chevalier F. Krapf de Liverhoff, who characterised the Seamen's Hospital as a blessing to the whole



THE LATE COUNT JULIUS ANDRASSY.

world. The resolution having been carried, Lord G. Hamilton, responding to a vote of thanks, said that it was of great importance that her Majesty's Navy and the Mercantile Marine should be brought into closer co-operation, because the training which the merchant seamen had could not be equalled by any that the Government could afford.

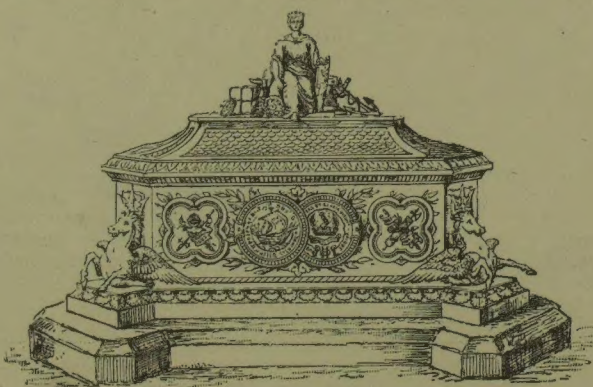
Princes' Hall was en fête on Feb. 18, for the "Royal Amateur Orchestral Society" discoursed sweet music below, while the "Salon" held its customary conversation above. The Prince of Wales was present at the smoking-concert, when Mr. George Mount conducted, and the now famous orchestra gave selections from Bennett, Wagner, Vieuxtemps (with M. Johannes Wolff as solo violinist), Meyerbeer, and Suppé. Mr. Lawrence Kellie, with his ever-popular "Douglas Gordon" and Sullivan's "A Sailor's Grave," was the vocalist.

FREEDOM OF THE TOWN OF HULL.

The Corporation of Hull recently voted the honorary gift of their civic freedom to two distinguished townsmen who are members of the House of Commons. Sir Albert Kaye Rollit, M.P. for the South division of Islington, London, is son of Mr. John Rollit, solicitor, of Hull, where he was born in 1843. He was educated at King's College and University College, London, winning first-class honours in Arts and Law, with the gold medal of the London University, and taking the degree of LL.D. He practises as a solicitor in Hull as well as in London, and is also a Hull shipowner, besides being a shipowner and underwriter in London. In 1875-6 he was Sheriff of Hull, and was Mayor of Hull two years, from 1883 to 1885, after which he was knighted by the Queen.

Mr. Henry John Atkinson, M.P. for Boston, is also a native of Hull, born 1828, second son of the late Mr. George Atkinson. He has been a member of the Hull Corporation more than thirty years, and was Mayor, twice chosen, from 1864 to 1866; has been President of the Hull Chamber of Commerce and Shipping, was first President of the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom, is Chairman of the Local Marine Board, one of the Committee of Lloyd's, and was Chairman of the Hull Banking Company, besides holding other public offices of commercial importance.

The presentation of the freedom of the town was performed on Wednesday, Feb. 19, by the Mayor, Mr. John Sherburn; and we give an illustration of the casket in which the certificate



CASKET OF FREEDOM OF HULL, PRESENTED TO SIR A. ROLLIT, M.P.

was enclosed for Sir Albert Rollit: the other being similar, with some alterations of detail. This casket is of sterling silver, manufactured by Messrs. Kirk and Co., of Whitefriars-gate, Hull. It is rectangular in form, with boldly modelled sea-horses at the four corners; on the four sides are

medallions, surmounted with laurel branches. Those on the front contain the arms of the Humber, and of the Volunteer Submarine Miners, Royal Engineers, of whom Sir Albert Rollit is Lieutenant-Colonel Commandant; also the emblems of Sir Albert's knighthood in 1885, of his Shrievalty in 1876, and of his Mayoralty in 1883-4 and 1884-5. Those at the back contain a suitable record or inscription. At one end is a view of the Hull Townhall; at the other the armorial bearings of the recipient. Seated at the top of the casket is a richly modelled and chased figure of Commerce, supporting the arms of Hull, surrounded with emblems of Trade and Navigation. The whole is richly gilt, and is a good sample of the silversmith's art.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Correctional Tribunal in Paris has sentenced the Duc d'Orleans to two years' imprisonment.

The little King of Spain, for the first time since his illness, took a drive on Feb. 14 in a close carriage with his mother. His health is daily improving.

The Prussian Council of State assembled at the Castle, Berlin, on Feb. 14, and were addressed by the Emperor William, somewhat in detail, upon the inquiries relating to labour and the condition of the working classes, into which he desires them to enter. At the close of his speech the Emperor designated the sections of the Council which he wishes to commence the investigations, and said he would attach to them a number of experts.—The Hohenzollern Museum in Berlin has been enriched by the gift of a collection of drawings made by the late Emperor Frederick when he was a child. The new Mausoleum in Charlottenburg, in which the Emperor Frederick is finally to be laid, is to be consecrated on March 9, the day of the late Emperor William's death. The Emperor and Empress, with all the Royal family, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Baden will be present at the ceremony.

Count Hartenau (Prince Alexander of Battenberg) arrived in Vienna on Feb. 14 from Pesth, and alighted at the Hôtel Elisabeth.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark arrived at Stockholm on Feb. 17. The King met their Royal Highnesses at the railway-station, and gave a grand dinner in their honour at the palace in the evening.

Duke George of Mecklenburg-Strelitz was married at St. Petersburg on Feb. 14, in the presence of their Imperial Majesties, to Miss Vanliarski, who received the title of Countess Karloff. On the 17th the second winter

review of Guard troops and military schools took place before the Emperor, in front of the Winter Palace. There were altogether on the ground 31 battalions, 22 squadrons, and 60 field and 18 horse artillery guns. The Duke of Edinburgh, in Russian Dragoon uniform, rode on the right of the Czar. The newly born daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine Constantinovich was christened in the Marble Palace on the 17th with the usual State ceremony, all the Imperial family being present.

The University of Toronto has been nearly wholly destroyed by fire. An account of the calamity is given on another page.—On Feb. 12, in the sitting of the Dominion House of Commons, Mr. Laurier, the Opposition leader, moved an amendment in committee of supply which the Premier (Sir John Macdonald) said he could only regard as tantamount to a vote of want of confidence in the Government. In the course of his speech he announced that the Government would this session introduce a measure into Parliament making important changes in the tariff. Finally, the motion was negatived by a majority of thirty-five.—The Manitoban Legislative Assembly have adopted, by twenty against six votes, the motion brought forward by the Premier for abolishing the official use of the French language.—A meeting of Protestant Lady Evangelists held at Hull, in Canada, on the 11th, had to be abandoned owing to an attack by a number of French-Canadian roughs, who broke in the doors and windows of the hall. Several gentlemen were injured by stones.

Seyyid Khalifah Ben Saïd, Sultan of Zanzibar, died on Feb. 13, after a reign of somewhat less than two years. His brother, Seyyid Ali, has been chosen his successor.

The curtain has fallen upon the first act in the drama of Australasian Federation. For more than a week the Conference of representatives of the Australian Colonies convened for the purpose of considering a scheme of federation and federal defence sat in Melbourne, and adopted a resolution, proposed by Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of New South Wales, affirming the principle of federal union. Before concluding their deliberations, the delegates unanimously adopted a loyal address to the Queen renewing the expression of their devoted attachment to her Majesty's Throne and person.

According to the report of the directors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company, the direct cost of the late strike was about £50,000, while the indirect losses amounted to half as much more.

The London County Council have agreed to advance £12,150 to the Chelsea Public Library Commissioners, by way of loan, to defray the cost of acquiring a site and erecting and fitting up public library buildings.

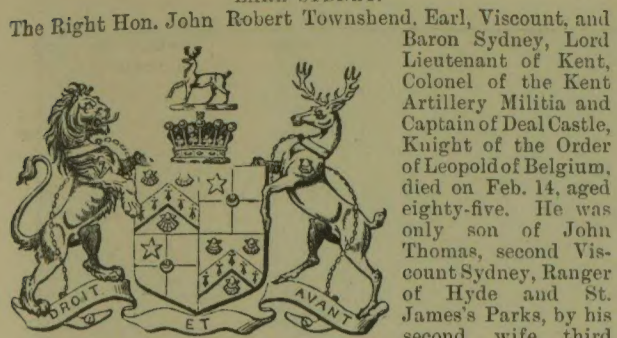
The Bishop of Newcastle, six years ago, asked for a fund of £60,000 for promoting Church extension in the populous districts of Tyneside, and for aiding in the restoration of churches throughout the diocese. A return just issued shows that the total sum raised for the object is £75,500.

A despatch from Yokohama, received by Dalziel's agency, reports a great eruption of the volcano Yaco, near Fujiyama, in the Bings district, on Jan. 16. The top of the mountain was blown off, and the town buried beneath sand and stones. The inhabitants, who had been warned by the rumblings, had retired, and only one person was killed, but the loss of property is estimated at 3,500,000 dollars.

A fire which, besides the material injury it caused, resulted in the loss of two lives, broke out on the morning of Feb. 18 on the premises of Messrs. Gay, Armstrong, and Co., skin merchants and furriers, Lambeth. A middle-aged woman was knocked down by a fire-engine and killed; and a wall, while the fire was at its height, fell upon two firemen, one of whom was dead when he was extricated. The other man, it is hoped, may recover.

OBITUARY.

EARL SYDNEY.



The Right Hon. John Robert Townshend, Earl, Viscount, and Baron Sydney, Lord Lieutenant of Kent, Colonel of the Kent Artillery Militia and Captain of Deal Castle, Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, died on Feb. 14, aged eighty-five. He was only son of John Thomas, second Viscount Sydney, Ranger of Hyde and St. James's Parks, by his second wife, third daughter of the first Earl of Leitrim, and succeeded to the title at the death of his father, Jan. 20, 1831. He married, Aug. 4, 1832, Lady Emily Caroline Paget, daughter of the first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., but had no issue. His Lordship held the office of Lord Chamberlain from 1859 to 1866, from 1868 to 1885, and from February to July 1886. In 1874 he was promoted to the Earldom of Sydney—a title which now becomes extinct. The Townshends, Lords Sydney, were a younger branch of the family of the Marquises Townshends. Lord Sydney was associated with the Court for a lengthened period. So far back as the time of George IV. he was a Groom-in-Waiting, and in the next reign a Lord-in-Waiting. He held subsequently the same appointment to the Queen from 1841 to 1846, and Lord Steward 1880 to 1885. The following is the published expression of her Majesty's deep concern at the death of Lord Sydney, "who had been for so many years attached to her person and had held high and important offices in her Household, and for whom her Majesty had the highest regard."

THE EARL OF SHANNON.



The Right Hon. Henry Bentinck Boyle, Earl of Shannon, Viscount Boyle and Baron of Castle Martyr in the Peerage of Ireland, Baron Carleton in that of Great Britain, Hon. Colonel 2nd Brigade, South Irish Division, Royal Artillery, died on Feb. 8, aged fifty-six. His Lordship was eldest son of Richard, fourth Earl of Shannon, by Emily Henrietta, his wife, daughter of Lord George Seymour, and grandson of Henry, third Earl, K.P., by Sarah, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Hyde of Castle Hyde. He succeeded to the title in 1868. He married, first, July 12, 1859, Lady Blanche Emma Lascelles, daughter of the third Earl of Harewood, and secondly, Jan. 14, 1868, Julia Charlotte, daughter of Sir W. E. Cradock-Hartopp, Bart. His son and heir, Richard Henry, Viscount Boyle, late of the Rifle Brigade, was born in 1860. The Boyles of Castle Martyr were raised to the Peerage of Ireland in 1756, in the person of the Right Hon. Henry Boyle of Castle Martyr, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons. They are a branch of the noble House of Cork.

LORD LAMINGTON.



The Right Hon. Alexander Dundas Ross Cochrane-Baillie, Baron Lamington of Lamington, in the county of Lanark, a Knight of St. Saviour of Greece, and a trustee of the National Portrait Gallery, died on Feb. 15. He was born Nov. 24, 1816, the elder son of Sir Thomas John Cochrane, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, by his wife, Matild Ross - Wisheart, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Ross, Bart., of Balnagown Castle. His grandfather, the Hon. Sir Alexander Forester Inglis Cochrane, was sixth son of the eighth Earl of Dundonald. The nobleman whose death we record was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He sat in the House of Commons for nearly forty years—for Bridport 1841 to 1847, for Lanarkshire in 1857, for Honiton 1859 to 1868, and for the Isle of Wight 1870 to 1880. In the latter year he was raised to the Peerage. Lord Lamington married, Dec. 4, 1844, Annabella Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Andrew Robert Drummond of Cadlands, Hants, and leaves issue three daughters (the eldest, wife of Earl Delawarr) and one son, Charles Wallace Alexander Napier, M.P. for North St. Pancras, now second Lord Lamington, born July 31, 1860.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR L. MALLET.

The Right Hon. Sir Louis Mallet, C.B., died at Bath on Feb. 15 from influenza. He was son of the late Mr. John Louis Mallet of Hampstead, by Frances, daughter of Mr. John Herman Merivale of Barton Place, Devon. He was born in 1823, and married, in 1858, Frances Helen, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Edward Pellew. After holding clerkships in the Audit Office and Board of Trade, he was appointed Private Secretary to Lord Taunton (then Mr. Labouchere), when President of the Board of Trade, and subsequently held a similar appointment under Lord Stanley of Alderley. He was Commissioner to Vienna in the International Commercial Commission of 1865, and during the three following years acted as Joint Plenipotentiary for negotiating an Austrian Treaty of Commerce and Navigation. In 1866 he was appointed Assistant Secretary to the Board of Trade. He became a member of the Council of India in February 1872, but resigned in 1874, and in the latter year was appointed Under-Secretary of State for India, which post he retained till 1883. The late Sir Louis was nominated a Companion of the Order of the Bath in 1866, made a Knight Bachelor in 1868, and a member of the Privy Council in 1883.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Lieutenant-General Charles Baring, late Coldstream Guards, on Feb. 7, at 36, Wilton-place, aged sixty.

Maria Jane, Lady Torrens, of Hampton Court Palace, on Feb. 7, youngest daughter of the late General Murray, and widow of Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley Torrens, K.C.B., who died of wounds received at Inkerman.

Mr. Robert O'Byrne, barrister-at-law, younger son of the late Mr. Robert O'Byrne, the male representative of the ancient family of O'Byrne, and brother of Mr. William O'Byrne, late

of Cabinteely, formerly M.P. for the county of Wicklow, author of the "Naval Biography," on Feb. 12, aged sixty-four.

Sir Robert Kane, F.R.S., at Dublin on Feb. 16, in his eighty-first year. He held a prominent position in literary and scientific circles in Ireland for a long period. In 1847 the Royal Hibernian Academy awarded him its gold medal for discoveries in chemistry. He was appointed, in 1845, in conjunction with Professors Lindley and Playfair, to examine into



THE LATE EARL SYDNEY,
LORD STEWARD OF THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

the cause and the means of preventing the potato blight. His best-known and most valuable work was on "The Industrial Resources of Ireland." Captain Henry Kane, of her Majesty's ship *Calliope*, and Mr. Romsey Kane, Q.C., a Land Act Commissioner, are sons of Sir Robert.

Lady Henniker (Justina Louisa), wife of Sir Brydges Henniker, Bart., daughter of Mr. Thomas Hughan of The Airds, N.B., and granddaughter of the eighth Duke of St. Albans, on Feb. 13, aged forty-nine.

The Hon. Mrs. Curzon (Sophia), widow of the Hon. and Rev. Alfred Curzon, mother of Lord Scarsdale, and daughter of Mr. Robert Holden of Nuttall Temple, Notts, on Feb. 9, at Kedleston, aged eighty-six.

Dr. James Lorimer, Professor of Public Law in the University of Edinburgh, on Feb. 13. He was born in 1818, called to the Bar in 1845, and appointed Principal Clerk and Keeper of the Records in the Court of the Lord Lyon.

Mr. William Frederick Rock, at his residence, Hyde Cliff, Blackheath, on Feb. 9, aged eighty-eight. In the course of a busy life, Mr. Rock found time to cultivate the Muses, to patronise youthful talent, to interest himself in parish and public matters, and to aid effectually in bettering the condition



THE LATE LORD LAMINGTON.

of the poor. Barnstaple, his native place, came in, as was natural, for a large share of his solicitude. He gave to the town a charming public park and, subsequently, a cricket-ground; and handed over a handsome house as a permanent abode of the Literary Institute, which had for many years flourished under his fostering care. His last work for the town, completed not long before his death, was the founding and endowing a Convalescent Home, in a healthy and delightful spot near Braunton, for outgoing patients of the Barnstaple Infirmary. In all these acts of benevolence he was energetically aided by his sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Payne. One more good deed deserves to be mentioned before closing this brief record of a noble life. He and Mrs. Payne each offered £1000 towards adding a hospital to the Kent Dispensary, on condition that others made up the amount to £5000. This was done, and the Miller Hospital came into being.

BOER AND BRITISH SHOTS IN SWAZILAND.

The members of the Joint Commission, appointed by the British Government and by that of the Transvaal or South African Republic to visit the territory of the Swazis, and to make inquiry concerning the best mode of settling its affairs, journeyed amicably together in that country; her Majesty's representative, Colonel Sir Francis De Winton, General Joubert, the Vice-President of the Transvaal, and General Smit, a distinguished Boer military commander, with their Assistant Commissioners, secretaries, and legal advisers of both sides. It has been mentioned that, while halting for rest and refreshment on this journey, they resorted to the amusement of shooting at a mark, for which purpose an empty bottle was set upon an anthill, and they tried their skill in a competition with the rifle, but whether at one, two, or three hundred paces we have not been informed. General Joubert and Smit are reckoned good shots among the Boers, who have a national reputation for being expert marksmen; yet they twice failed to hit the bottle—which had been previously emptied; and Sir Francis De Winton, in the lying-down position, with his first shot, knocked it to pieces in a decisive style.

THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION.

The difficulty of providing transport has been one of the chief obstacles which Brigadier Tregear's column, advancing from the Chittagong side, has had to contend with. In his report on the expedition of 1888-9 the Brigadier-General recommended that elephants should be employed for pushing up stores to the advanced post at Lungleh. The mules collected, however, had been so knocked about by previous hard work in Burmah as to be nearly useless, while the elephants gave more trouble than they were worth. Seven died in harness, and the others had to be sent back to India. A further supply of 1200 mules from the Punjab was expected, but most of the work was being done by 2500 coolies. The health of the column was good, there being no further cases of cholera among the coolie corps, while it was hoped that as soon as the force reached the uplands there would be no further trouble on this score. The Chin expedition, which was to advance, simultaneously, into the border highlands on the eastern side, from the rivers of Upper Burmah, has suffered greatly from cholera among the troops.

Our correspondent, Lieutenant H. W. G. Cole, of the 2nd Goorkhas, 2nd Battalion, with the Chittagong Lushai expedition from Bengal, has sent us sketches of the camp at Demagiri, on the Kurnafuli River, several of which have been published. The one presented this week is that of the Goorkha soldiers building a large hut for a storehouse, in which their spare "kits" will be deposited when they march on to the front. These men use the broad, sharp, curved knife, the "kukrie," which is the national weapon of their country, Nepal, in cutting bamboos for the building of a hut; but they are not so quick at such work as the natives of the Chittagong hills and forests.

Dr. T. W. Wilkinson was on Feb. 18 enthroned in St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, as Roman Catholic Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle.

It is stated that Mr. Justice Field has resigned his position as a Judge of the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. The learned Judge, having been appointed on Feb. 6, 1875, has served the fifteen years entitling him to a retiring pension.

According to the official returns, the death-rate of London showed a slight increase in the week ending Feb. 15. This was partly caused by the mortality from diphtheria, which was considerably in excess of the average. There were also more fatal cases of whooping-cough.

A charming concert was given on Feb. 18 at Brompton Hospital by Miss Esmée Woodford, and comprised, in addition to this lady's brilliant and tasteful singing, vocal and instrumental solos by Miss Therese Aungier, Mr. Bell, Mr. Dawson, Miss E. Lonsdale (pianoforte), and Mr. A. C. Haden (violin); with recitations by Mr. Edgar Skeet. There was a large attendance of patients.

The Queen has conferred the dignity of a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George on Lieutenant-General Henry Augustus Smyth, R.A., who has been appointed to be Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Island of Malta; and his Excellency Vice-Admiral Carl August Deinhard, Commander-in-Chief of the German Cruising Squadron, has been appointed an Honorary Member of the Military Division of the Second Class, or Knights Commanders of the Bath.

Professor Stewart, the eminent naturalist, at a recent meeting of the Linnean Society, exhibited several British crabs, showing their remarkable habit of more or less completely covering the upper surfaces of their bodies with fragments of seaweeds and low-typed animals outwardly resembling plants (zoophytes). In varying proportions different species of crabs with their nippers detach bits of marine plants, which they fasten to various exposed parts of their bodies. Continued even when the crabs are blind, this inherited acquired habit is not due to vanity, but results from instinctive protective effective concealment, or exact mimicry of the animal's surroundings so as to escape the notice of their predatory hungry enemies. Professor Stewart has presented these interesting specimens to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn, whose wealth has been much increased by his other gifts illustrating the habits of fish and shellfish.

The Primate presided on Feb. 13 in the Upper House of Convocation, held in Queen Anne's Bounty Office, and discussed various matters. The Lower House continued the debate on brotherhoods, and Archdeacon Farrar's motion was carried that brotherhoods should be permitted to bind themselves, for a limited period, to live unmarried and in a simple manner, observing rules and obeying the orders of their head, and the directions of the Bishop. The House then discussed religious education, and adopted a resolution to maintain and advance the religious education in Board Schools.—The Earl of Selborne presided in the House of Laymen, and discussed the tithe rent-charge question, the settlement of which they resolved ought to follow the lines of the Government Bill of 1888.—On the 14th the Upper House of Convocation met again in Queen Anne's Bounty Office, the Primate presiding. The Bishop of Ely brought up a memorial from a Diocesan Conference, recommending an increase of the Episcopate. The House adjourned to May 6. The Lower House met in the College-hall, Westminster. The Bishop of Bedford presented a gravamen against the Divorce Bill of Victoria, which was adopted, and the House afterwards discussed the question of tithes, and adjourned to May 6. Mr. G. A. Spottiswoode presided over the House of Laymen, where several questions were discussed, and resolutions were adopted referring to the traffic in strong drink in Africa, the Burial Acts, and Sunday Observance.



Captain Baden-Powell. Dr. Krause. Gen. Smit. Gen. Joubert. Mr. Schreiner. Braintje, the Dog. Sir F. De Winton.

BOER AND BRITISH SHOTS: A FRIENDLY TRIAL OF SKILL IN SWAZILAND.



THE LUSHAI EXPEDITION: GOORKHAS BUILDING A HUT TO STORE THEIR SPARE KIT.

SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT H. W. G. COLE, 2ND BATTALION 2ND GOORKHAS.



DRAWN BY FRED. BARNARD.

"You," she cried, pointing her long skinny finger at Roland. "You! oh! you have come at last."

ARMOREL OF LYONESSE.

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER X.

MR. FLETCHER RETURNS FOR HIS BAG.

HALF an hour later the blinds were down, the fire was brightly burning, the red firelight was merrily dancing about the room, and the table was pushed back. Then Dorcas and Justinian came in—the two old serving-folk, bent with age, grey-headed, toothless—followed by Chessun—thin and tall, silent and subdued. And Armored, taking her violin, tuned it, and turned to her old master for instructions, just as she had done on the first and every following night of Roland's stay.

"Barley Break," said Justinian.

Armored struck up that well-known air. Then, as before, the ancient dame started, moved uneasily, sat upright, and opened her eyes and began to talk. But to-night she was not rambling: she did not begin one fragment of reminiscence and break off in the middle. She started with a clear story in her mind, which she began at the beginning and carried on. When Armored saw her thus disposed, she stopped playing "Barley Break," which may amuse the aged mind and recall old merriment, but lacks earnestness.

"Put on thy smock o' Monday," said Justinian.

This ditty lends itself to more sustained thought. Armored put more seriousness into it than the theme of the music would seem to warrant. The old lady, however, seemed to like it, and continued her narrative without interrupting it at any point. Armored also observed that, though she addressed

the assembled multitude generally, she kept glancing furtively at Roland.

"The night was terrible," said the ancient dame, speaking distinctly and connectedly; "never was such a storm known—we could hear the waves beating and dashing about the islands louder than the roaring of the wind, and we heard the minute-gun, so that there was little sleep for anyone. At daybreak we were all on the shore, out on Shark Point. Sure enough, on the Castinicks the ship lay, breaking up fast—a splendid East Indiaman she was. Her masts were gone and her bows were stove in—as soon as the light got strong enough we could see so much; and the shore covered already with wreck. But not a sign of passengers or crew. Then my husband's father, who was always first, saw something, and ran into the water up to his middle and dragged ashore a spar. And, sure enough, a man was lashed to the spar. When father hauled the man up he was quite senseless, and he seemed dead, so that another quarter of an hour would have finished him, even if his head had not been knocked against a rock, or the spar turned over and drowned him. Just as father was going to call for help to drag him up, he saw a little leather bag hanging from his neck by a leather thong. There were others about, all the people of Samson—fifty of them—men, women, and children—all busy collecting the things that had been washed ashore, and some up to their waists in the water after the things still floating about. But nobody was looking. Therefore, father, thinking it was a dead man, whipped out his knife, cut the leather thong, and slipped

the bag into his own pocket, not stopping to look at it. No one saw him, mind—no one—not even your father, Justinian, who was close beside him at the time."

"Ay, ay," said Justinian, "if father had seen it, naturally"—But his voice died away, and Roland was left to wonder what under such circumstances a native of Samson would have done.

"No one saw it. Father thought the man was dead. But he wasn't. Presently he moved. Then they carried him up the hill to the farm—this very house—and laid him down before the fire—just at your feet, Armored—and I was standing by. 'Get him a cordial,' says father. So we gave him a dram, and he drank it and opened his eyes. He was a gentleman—we could see that—not a common sailor: not a common man."

Here her head dropped, and she seemed to be losing herself again.

"Try her with a Saraband," said Justinian, as if a determined effort had to be made. Armored changed her tune. A Saraband lends itself to a serious and even solemn turn of thought. As a dance it requires the best manners, the bravest dress, and the most dignified air. It will be seen, therefore, that to a mind bent upon a grave narrative of deeds lamentable and fateful, the Saraband, played in a proper frame of mind, may prove sympathetic. The ancient lady lifted her head, strengthened by the opening bars, which, indeed, are very strong, and resumed her story. Armored, to be sure, and all her hearers, knew the history well, having heard it every

night in disjointed bits. The Tale of the Stolen Treasure was familiar to her: it was more than familiar, it was a bore: the Family Doom seemed unjust to her: it disturbed her sense of Providential benevolence: yet she threw all her soul into the Saraband in order to prolong by a few minutes the waking and conscious moments of this remote ancestress. A striking illustration, had the others understood it, of filial piety.

"But I was standing close by father," she went on—"I was beside him on the beach, and I saw it. I saw him cut the thong and slip the bag into his pocket. When he came to himself I whispered to father, 'There's his bag: you've got his bag in your pocket.' 'I know,' he said—rough. 'Hold your tongue, girl.' So I said no more, but waited. Then the man opened his eyes and tried to sit up; but he couldn't, being still dizzy with the beating of the waves. But he looked at us, wondering where he was. 'You are ashore, Master,' said father. 'The only one of all the ship's company that is, so far.' 'Ashore?' he asked. 'Ay, ashore: where else would you be? Your ship's in splinters: your captain and your crew are dead men all. But you're ashore.' With that the man shut his eyes and lay quiet for a time. Then he opened them again. 'Where am I?' he asked. 'You are on Samson, in Scilly,' I told him. Then he tried to get up again, but he couldn't. And so we carried him upstairs and laid him on the bed.

"He was in bed for high upon six weeks. Never was any man so near his latter end. I nursed him all the time. He had a fever, and his head wandered. In his rambling he told me who he was. His name was Robert Fletcher—Robert Fletcher," she repeated, nodding to Roland with strange significance. "A brave gentleman, and handsome and well-mannered. He had been in the service of an Indian King; and, though he was only thirty, he had made his fortune and was bringing it home, thinking that he would do nothing more all his life but just sit down and enjoy himself. All his fortune was in the bag. When he recovered he told me that the last thing he remembered, before he was washed off the ship, was feeling for the safety of his bag. And it was gone. And he was a beggar. Poor man! And I knew all the time where the bag was and who had it. But I could not tell him. If father sinned when he kept the bag, I sinned as well, because I knew he kept it. If father was punished when his son was drowned, that son was my husband, and I was punished too."

She stopped, and it seemed as if for the evening she had run down, but Armored stimulated her again and she went on, looking more and more at the face of the stranger that was in their gates.

"While he lay ill and was like to die, father was uneasy—I knew why. He wanted him to die, because then he could keep the treasure with a quiet mind. 'All's ours that comes ashore,' that's what we used to say. He never confessed his thoughts—but I, who knew what was in the bag, guessed them very well.

"The stranger began to recover, and father fell into a gloomy fit, and would go and sit by himself for hours. Nobody dared ask him—for he was a man of short temper and rough in his speech—what was the matter with him, but I knew very well. He was gloomy because he didn't want to lose that bag. But the man got better, and at last quite well, and one morning he came down dressed in clothes that father lent him, because his own were ruined in the washing of him ashore, and he bade us all farewell. 'Captain Rosevean,' he said, very earnestly, 'when I left India I was rich: I was carrying all my fortune home with me in a small compass, for safety, as I thought. I was going to be a rich man, and work no more. Well—I have escaped with my life, and that is all. If I were not a beggar I would offer you half my fortune for saving my life. As it is, I can offer you nothing but my gratitude.'

"So he shook hands with father, who stood as white as a sheet, for all he was a ruddy-faced man and inclined to brandy. 'And farewell, Mistress Ursula,' he said. 'Farewell, my kind nurse.' So he kissed me, being a courteous gentleman. 'I shall come back again to see you,' he said; 'I shall surely come back. Look to see me some day, when you least expect me.' So he went away, and they rowed him over to the Port, and he sailed to Penzance. Father went to his own room, where the treasure was. And my heart sank heavy as lead. The more I thought of the wickedness the heavier fell my heart. There was father and his son, my husband, and myself and my own son not yet born. The Hand of the Lord would be upon us for that wickedness. I ought to have cried out to the stranger before he went away that his treasure was safe and that we were keeping it for him. But I didn't. Then I tried to comfort myself. I said that when he came again I would give him back the bag, even if I had to steal it from father's chest.

"It was a long time ago—they are all gone, swallowed up by the sea—which was right, because we stole the treasure from the sea. He never came back. I looked for him to come after my husband was drowned, and after my son went too, and my grandson—but he never came again as he promised. And at last, at last"—her voice rose almost to a shriek, and everybody jumped in his chair; but Armored continued to play the Saraband slowly and with much expression—"at last he has come back, and we are saved. All that are left of us are saved. Armored, my child, you are saved. Your bones shall not lie rotting among the sea-weed: your flesh shall not be devoured by crabs and conger-eels: you may sail without fear among the islands. For he has kept his promise and has come back."

Then she rose—she, who had not stood upon her feet for three years—actually rose and stood up, or seemed to stand: the red light, playing on her face, made her eyes shine like two balls of fire. "You," she cried, pointing her long skinny finger at Roland. "You! oh! you have come at last. You have suffered all that innocent blood to be shed: but you have come at last." She sank back among her pillows, but her finger still pointed at the stranger. "Sir," she said now, with tremulous voice, "you are welcome. Late though it is, Mr. Fletcher, you are welcome. When you came a day or two ago I wondered, being now very old and foolish, if it was really you. Now I know. I remember, though it is nearly eighty years ago. You are welcome again to Samson, Mr. Fletcher. You find me changed, no doubt. I knew you would keep your promise and come again, some time or other. As for you, I see little change. You are dressed differently, and when you were here last your hair was worn in another fashion. But you are no older to look at. You are not changed at all by time. You would not know me again. How should you? I suppose you knew—somebody told you perhaps—that the bag was safe after all. That knowledge has kept you young. Nothing short of that knowledge could have kept you young. I assure you, Sir, had I known where to find you I would have taken the bag and its contents to you long, long ago. And now you are come back in search of it."

"It was eighty years ago!" Dorcas whispered to Chessun, shuddering. "He must be more than a hundred!"

"A hundred years!" returned her daughter, with pallid cheeks. "It isn't in nature. He looks no more than twenty. Mother, is he a man and alive?"

"Pretend that you are Mr. Fletcher," whispered Armored. "Do not contradict her. Say something."

"It is a long time ago," said Roland. "I should have kept my promise much sooner. And as for that bag—you saved my life, you know. Pray keep the bag. It has long been forgotten."

"Keep the bag? Do you know what is in it? Do you know what it is worth? That, Mr. Fletcher, is your politeness. We, who have suffered so much from the possession of the bag, cannot believe that you have forgotten it, because if we have suffered for our guilt you must have suffered through that guilt. Else there would be no justice. No justice at all unless you have suffered too. Else all those lives have been wasted and thrown away."

The old lady spoke with the voice and firmness of a woman of fifty. She looked strong: she sat up erect. Armored played on, now softly, now loudly. The serving-folk looked on open-mouthed: the women with terror undisguised. Was this gentleman, so young and so pleasant, none other than the man whose injury had brought all these drownings upon the family? Nearly eighty years ago that happened. Then, he must be a ghost! What else could he be? No human creature could come back after eighty years still so young.

"When I said, Madam," Roland explained, "that I had forgotten the bag, what I meant was that after losing it so long I had quite abandoned all hope of finding it again. I assure you that I have not come here in search of it. In fact, I thought it was lying at the bottom of the sea, where so many other treasures lie."

"It is not at the bottom of the sea, Mr. Fletcher. You shall have it again, to-morrow. You are still so young that you can enjoy your fortune. Make good use of it, Sir, and do not forget the poor. I have counted the contents again and again. They are not things that wear out and rust, are they? No, no. You must often have laughed to think that the moth and the worm cannot destroy that treasure. You will be very pleased to have it back."

"I shall be very pleased indeed," he echoed, "to have my treasure again."

"Face and voice unchanged." The old lady shook her head. "And after eighty years. It is a miracle, yet not a greater miracle than the Vengeance which has pursued this house so long. This single crime has been visited upon the third and fourth generation. 'Tis time that punishment should cease at last—cease at last! I must tell you, Mr. Fletcher," she went on, "that when my husband was drowned and my father-in-law died, I took possession of the bag and everything else. I said nothing to my son. Why? Because, until the owner of the stolen bag came back, the curse was on him and his children. No—no; I would not let him know. But I knew very well what would happen to all of them. Oh! yes; I knew, and I waited. But he was happy, and his son and his grandson and his great-grandson, until they were drowned, one after the other. And still you stayed away."

"Madam, had I known, I would have returned fifty years ago and more, in time to have saved them all."

"You might have come sooner, Sir, permit me to say, and so have saved some." It was wonderful how erect the old lady held herself, and with what firmness and precision she spoke.

"There is now only one left—the child Armored. To-morrow, Sir, you shall have your bag again. Once more you are our guest: this time, I hope you will leave a blessing instead of a curse upon the house."

At this moment Armored ceased playing. Then this ancient lady stopped talking. She looked round: her eyes lost their fire: her face its expression: her mouth its firmness: she fell back in her pillows, and her head dropped.

Dorcas and Chessun rose and carried her to her own room. The old man got up, too, and shambled out. Armored pushed the table into its place, and lit the candles. The incident was closed. In the morning the old lady had forgotten everything.

"Almost," said Roland, "she has made me believe that my name is Fletcher. Shall I to-morrow morning ask her for the bag? Where is that bag? Armored, it is a true story. I am quite certain of it."

"Oh, yes, it is true. Justinian knows about the wreck, though it happened before he was born. Mr. Fletcher was the only man saved of all the ship and company—captain, officers, crew, and passengers—the only one. He was rescued by Captain Rosevean himself and brought here. He had the bedroom where you sleep—the bedroom which was my brother Emanuel's room. Here he lay ill a long time, but recovered and went away."

"And the bag?"

"I know nothing about the bag. That has gone long ago, I suppose, with all the money that my people made by smuggling and by piloting. I have seen her watching you for some days past: I thought she would speak to you last night. To-morrow she will have forgotten everything."

"I suppose I have some kind of resemblance to Mr. Robert Fletcher, presumably deceased. Well—but, Armored, this is a fortunate evening. The family luck has come back—I have brought it back. The Ancient one said so, and you are saved. She may call me Fletcher—call me Tryeth—call me any name that flyeth—if she only calls me him who arrived in time to save you, Armored."

CHAPTER XI.

ROLAND'S LETTER.

Roland went away. Like Mr. Robert Fletcher, he promised to return, and, like her great-great-grandmother, but for other reasons, Armored treasured this promise. Also like Mr. Robert Fletcher, now presumably deceased, Roland went away with the sense of having left something behind him. Not his heart, dear reader. A young man of twenty-one does not give away his heart in the old-fashioned way any longer: he carries it about with him, carefully kept in its proper place: what Roland had left behind him, for awhile, was a part of himself. It would perhaps come back to him in good time, but for the present it remained on Samson, and discoursed to the rest of him in London whenever he would listen, on the beauties of that archipelago and the graces of the child Armored. And this part of himself, which haunted Samson, made him sit down and write a letter. It would have been a tender, a sorrowful, an affectionate letter had it not been for that other part of him—the greater part—which went to London. That other part of him remonstrated. "She is but a simple country girl," it said. "Her future will be to marry a simple Scillonian. Why disturb her mind? Why seek to plant the seeds of discontent under the guise of culture? Leave her—leave her to herself. Forget those dark eyes, in whose depths there seemed to lie so sweet, so great a soul. Believe me, there was nothing at all behind those eyes but ignorance and curiosity. How could there be anything? Leave her in peace. Or, since you must write, let it be a cold letter—friendly, but fatherly—and let her understand clearly that the visit can produce no further consequences whatever." Thus the London half of him—the bigger half. Perhaps his friend Dick Stephenson remonstrated in the same strain. But the lesser half insisted on writing a letter of some kind—and had his way.

He wrote a letter and sent it off.

It was the very first letter that had ever been sent to Samson. Of that I am quite sure. No letters ever reached that island. If people had business with Samson they transacted it at the Port with Justinian or Peter. Of course it was the first letter that had ever been received by Armored. Peter brought it across for her. He had wrapped the unaccustomed thing in brown paper for fear the spray should fall upon it. Armored drew it forth from its covering and gazed upon it with the wonder of a child who gets an unexpected toy. She read over the address a dozen times: "Miss Rosevean"—look at it, Dorcas. What a pity you cannot read! "Miss Rosevean"—he might have written "Armored"—"Island of Samson, Scilly." Of course, it is from Roland. No one else would write to me. Then she opened it carefully, so as not to injure any part of the writing—indeed, Roland possessed that desirable, but very rare, gift of a very beautiful hand. No Penman of the Monastery: no scrivener of a later age: no Arab or Persian scribe, could write a more beautiful hand. It was a hand in which every letter was clearly formed, as if it made a picture of itself, and every word was a Group, like the Eastern Isles of Scilly, to be admired by the whole world.

The letter began—the London portion conceding so much—with a pen-and-ink sketch of the writer's head: if it was just a little idealised, who shall blame the limner? This was delightful. Armored had no portrait of her friend. What would follow after such a beautiful beginning? Then the writing began, and Armored addressed herself seriously to the mastering of and the meaning of the letter. I blush to record the fact, but Armored read handwriting slowly. Consider. Since she left school she had seen none: while at school she had seen little. People easily forget such a simple thing, though we who write all day long cannot understand how a man can forget how to write. Yet there are many workmen who cannot read handwriting, nor can they themselves write. They have had no occasion, all their lives, to use either accomplishment, and so have readily forgotten it—a fact which shows the profound wisdom of the school boards in teaching spelling. Armored could read the letter, but she read it slowly.

It seemed, when she read it first, sentence by sentence, a really beautiful letter—regarded as a letter in the abstract. After she had read it two or three times over, and had mastered the whole document, she began to understand that the writer of it was not the man she remembered, not the man whose memory she loved and cherished, not at all her friend Roland Lee. All the old camaraderie was gone. It was the letter of another man altogether. It was cold and stiff. The coldness went to the girl's heart. She had never known Roland to be cold. Where was the sympathy which formerly flowed in magnetic currents from one to the other? Where was the brotherly interest—she called it brotherly? The writer spoke, it is true, with gratitude overwhelming, of his stay on the island and her hospitality, but—good gracious! Armored wanted no thanks. His visit had made her happy: he knew that—why should he take up a page and a half in returning thanks to her when her own heart was full of gratitude to him? He said that the three weeks he had spent among the islands had been a holiday which he could never forget—this was very good, so far, but then he spoiled all by adding that he should not readily forget—"readily forget" he wrote—his fair companion and guide among those labyrinthine waters. "Fair companion!" What had fairness to do with it? Armored had been his pupil, he taught her all day long. She did not want to be called his fair companion: that was mockery: she wanted to be called his dear friend or his dear sister. That would have gone straight to her heart. She expected at least so much when she opened the letter. But worse—far worse—was to follow. He actually spoke of the possibilities of their never meeting again, the world (outside Scilly) being so very wide. Never to meet again! And he had promised to return: he had faithfully promised: why, he had only to take the steamer from Penzance: Samson Island would not sail away. Why did he not rather say when he was to be expected? Worst of all, he spoke of her forgetting him. Oh! how could she forget him? As for the rest of the letter, the paternal advice to continue in the path of industry, and so forth, no clergyman in the pulpit could speak more wisely: but these things touched not the girl. Woman wants affection rather than wisdom, even though she understands, or has, at least, been told, that Wisdom delivereth from the way of the Evil Man.

Armored at length laid the letter down with a sigh and a tear. She kept it in her pocket for some days, and read it every day: but with increasing sadness. Finally, she laid it in a drawer where were all the sketches, fragments of illustration, and outline drawings which Roland had given her. She would read it no longer. She would wait till Roland came back, and she would ask him what it meant. Perhaps it was the way of the world to be so cold and so constrained in letter-writing.

There came a box with the letter. It contained books—quite a large number of books—selected by Roland with the view of suiting the case of one who dwells upon a desert island. It was just as if Captain Woodes Rogers had left Alexander alone upon Juan Fernandez and gone home to make up for him a parcel of books intended to show him what went on in the wider world. There were also drawing materials, colours, brushes, pencils, books of instruction, and books of music. Roland the Fatherly—the London part of Roland—neglected nothing that might be solidly serviceable to the young Person. Observe, here, one of those black gaps of ignorance already spoken of in this girl of the Lonely Isles. She did not know that an answer to the letter was absolutely necessary. In the London studio the writer sat wondering why no answer came. He had been so careful, too: not a word which could be misunderstood: he had been so truly fatherly. And yet no reply.

Nobody was at hand to tell Armored that she must sit down and write some kind of an answer. She tried, in fact: she made several attempts. But she could not write anything that satisfied her. The coldness of the letter chilled her. She wanted to write as she had talked with him, all out of the fulness of her heart. How could she write to this frigid creature? The writer of such a letter could not be her dear companion who laughed and made her laugh, sang and made her sing, made pictures for her, told her all about his own private ambitions, and had no secrets from her: it was a strange man who wrote to her and signed the name of Roland Lee. The real Roland would never have hinted at the possibility of her forgetting him, or at the chance of their never meeting again. The real Roland would have written to say when he was coming again. She could not reply to this impostor.

Therefore, she never answered that letter at all; and so she got no more letters. It was a pity, because, had she written what was in her mind, for very pity the real Roland would have returned to her. Once, and once only, the voice of Roland came to her across the sea. And then it was a changed voice. He spoke no more. But he would come again. He said he would come again. Every day she sat on the hill beside the barrow and gazed across the Road. She could see

the pier of Hugh Town and the vessels in the Port: perhaps Roland had come over from Penzance by the morning steamer, and would shortly sail across the road and leap out upon the beach and run to meet and greet her, with both hands outstretched, the light of affection in his eyes, and the laugh of welcome in his voice. She was graver and more silent than before: she did not sing so often as she walked among the ferns: she did not prattle to Chessum and Dorcas while she made her cakes and puddings. But nobody noticed any change in her: the serving-women, if they observed any, would have said only that Armored was growing into a woman already.

The autumn changed to winter. Roland would not come in winter, when the sea is stormy and there is little sunshine. She must wait now until spring. Meantime on Samson, where are no trees except these wizened and crooked little trees of the orchard, there is not much to mark the winter except the cold wind and the short days. Here there is never frost or snow, hail or ice. The brown turf is much the same in December as in August, the dead fern is not so yellow, the dead and dying leaves of the bramble are not so splendid. The wind is colder, the sky is more grey; otherwise winter makes little difference in the external aspect of this archipelago. When the short days begin, the brown fields of the flower-farms clothe themselves with the verdure of spring: before the New Year has fairly set in, some of the fresh delicate flowers have been already cut and laid in the hot-house to be sent across to Covent-garden. The harvest of the year begins with its first day, and they reap it from January to May.

There are plenty of things on such a farm for a girl to do. Armored did not, if you please, sit down to weep. But she daily recalled with tender regret every one of the pleasant days of that companionship. She kept her promise, too: she read something every morning in the books which Roland had sent her: every afternoon she attempted to carry on the drawing lesson by herself: she practised her violin diligently: and every evening she played the old tunes to the old lady and awakened her once more to life and memory. There was no change, except that everything now was coloured by what he had said. She was to grow to her full height—he had told her how—but at present she hardly saw her way to carrying out those instructions. Her full height! Ignorant of the truth—since such a girl grown to her full height would be so tall as to be out of all proportion, not only to Samson, but even to St. Mary's itself.

Sometimes one falls into the habit of associating a single person with an idea, a thought, an anticipation, a place. Whenever the mind turns to this thought, the person is present. For example, there is a street in London which I have learned, from long habit, to associate with a second-hand bookseller. He was a gentle creature, full of reading, who had known many men. I sometimes sat at the back of his shop conversing with him. Sometimes a twelvemonth would pass without my seeing him at all. But always when I think of this street I think of this old gentleman. The other day I passed through it. Alas! the shutters were up: the house was to let: my gentle friend was gone. Armored associated her future—the unknown future—with Roland. Suppose that when that future should be the present she should find the shutters up, the house deserted, the tenant dead!

The harvest of the flowers was well begun: the boxes piled in the hold of the steamer merrily danced in the roll of the Atlantic waves as the *Lady of the Isles* made her way to Penzance: in London the delicate narcissus and the jonquil returned to the dinner-tables and stood about in glasses. Roland Lee bought them and took them home to his studio, where he sat looking at them, reminded of Armored—who had never even answered his letter. Perhaps the flowers came from Samson. Why did the girl send him no answer to his letter? Then his memory went back to that little island with its two hills, and its barrows, and the quiet house—and to the girl who lived there. On what rock of Samson was she sitting? Where was she at that moment? Gazing somewhere over the wild waste of waters, the wind blowing about her curls, and the beating of the waves in her ears. She had forgotten him. Why not? He was only a visitor of a week or two. She was nothing but a child—and an ignorant farmer-girl living in a desert island. Ignorant Roland? That was not the word. He saw her once more standing in the middle of the room, the ruddy firelight in her eyes and in her cheeks, playing "Singleton's Slip" and "Prince Rupert's March," while the Ancient Lady mopped and mowed and discoursed of other days. And again: he saw her standing on the beach when he said farewell, the tears in her eyes, her voice choked. Then he longed again, as he had longed then, to take her in his arms, even in the presence of Peter the boy, to soothe and kiss her and bid her weep no more, because he would never, never leave her.

So strong was the impression made upon this young man by this child of fifteen that after six months spent in the society of many other girls, of charms more matured, he still remembered her, and thought of her with that kind of yearning regret which is perilously akin to love. An untaught, ignorant girl, whose charm lay in her innocent confidence, her soft black eyes, and the beauty of the maiden emerging from the child, could hardly make a permanent impression on a man of the world, even a young man of only twenty-one. The time would go on, and the girl would be forgotten, except as a pleasant memory associated with a delightful holiday. An artist is, perhaps, above his fellows, liable to swift and sudden changes: his mind dwells continually on beauty: all lovely girls have not black hair and black eyes. Apollo, himself, the god of artists, loved not only all the nine Muses and all the three Graces, but a good many Nymphs and Princesses as well—such is the artistic temperament—so catholic is its admiration of beauty.

(To be continued.)

Lord Rathdonnell has been appointed Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county Carlow, in the place of the late Right Hon. Arthur M. Kavanagh.

The Court of Common Council, on Feb. 13, voted 100 guineas each to the River Mole Defence Fund, the fund for the purchase of a cricket-ground for the county of Essex at Leyton, and the Napier of Magdala Memorial Fund; and £210 to the Llanerch Colliery Fund. Sir J. Whitaker Ellis, M.P., was re-elected Governor of the Irish Society. The Rev. Dr. Abbott, late Head Master of the City of London School, was granted a retiring allowance of £400 a year.

A bazaar in aid of the Orphan and Benevolent Funds of the National Union of Teachers was opened on Feb. 13 in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street, by Sir William Hart-Dyke, M.P. The contributions to the various stalls were either made or sent by members of the nine local branches of the association—namely, Chelsea, Finsbury, East London, Greenwich, Hackney, Lambeth, West Lambeth, Marylebone, and Woolwich. The supplementary attractions, over which Mr. D. Greville presided, included a concert, an art gallery, a waxwork exhibition, and some pretty dissolving views. The bazaar remained open until the evening of the 15th, when a "maypole dance," in which some two hundred children took part, was given.

SILVER STATUETTE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

The statue of Francis Drake, by Mr. Boehm, R.A., erected on the Hoe at Plymouth, in commemoration of the Tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, has been reproduced in miniature by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the figure being of sterling silver and the base in silver and ebony; and this statuette has been presented to the mess of the Royal Naval



SILVER MODEL OF THE PLYMOUTH STATUE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, FOR THE MESS OF THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE.

College, Greenwich, by some of the pupils who have passed through the course of instruction, as a memento of one of England's greatest heroes, and an incentive to noble deeds. The statuette is a remarkably fine specimen of the modeller's and chaser's art, and worthily supports the high reputation of Messrs. Mappin and Webb for this class of work.

Captain Henry St. L. B. Palliser has been awarded the Good Service Pension of £150 a year void by the retirement of Captain E. St. J. Garforth.

The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Zetland visited the Royal Irish Academy on Feb. 12. They were received by the President, the Rev. Dr. Haughton, F.R.S., and the members of the council, and were conducted to the library, where an address was presented to Lord Zetland.

In the first of a series of three lectures on the treasures of the British Museum, Mr. Louis Fagan took his audience, by means of a number of photographs, through the Egyptian, Assyrian, and Babylonian Galleries, describing the most remarkable objects.

Mr. W. T. Pritchard presided at the sixty-second annual general court of the Governors of the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn-road, on Feb. 13, when it was stated that the ordinary receipts during the year amounted to £4583, while £4993 were received in legacies, the total ordinary expenditure being £9965. The hospital was doing, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, a very useful work, and it was a matter for regret to the chairman that the donations had fallen off in the past year by about £1500. He was glad that the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, who had always evinced the deepest interest in the welfare of the institution, had accepted its presidency.

A meeting of the National Life-Boat Institution was held on Feb. 13 at its house, John-street, Adelphi; Sir Edward Birkbeck, M.P., in the chair. Great satisfaction was expressed at the announcement that Prince George of Wales has consented to become a vice-patron of the institution. Rewards amounting to £712 were granted to the crews of life-boats of the institution, shore-boats, and others for saving life from shipwrecks, and payments amounting to £8450 were made on various life-boats and establishments. New life-boats were sent during January to Winterton, Norfolk, and Valentia, county Kerry.

READY MARCH 3.

A SPECIAL NUMBER OF THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, FULL OF PICTURES OF STANLEY'S EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF EMIN PASHA

Engraved from Sketches supplied by Officers of the Expedition.

WITH THIS NUMBER WILL BE PRESENTED
TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS:
A LARGE TINTED PORTRAIT OF MR. H. M. STANLEY
AND A
DOUBLE-PAGE PICTURE OF THE MEETING OF MR. STANLEY & EMIN PASHA.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

ANTANANARIVO, MADAGASCAR.

Civilisation has made rapid progress in the large island of Madagascar during the past twenty years, since the adoption of Christianity as the State religion was proclaimed, in 1869, by the Government of the Hova nation, who are the superior race, occupying the central province, Imerina; while the other parts, north-west, east, and south, are inhabited respectively by the Sakalava, the Betsimisaraka, and the Betsileo. These, except the wilder Sakalava tribes, are under the rule of the Hova dynasty, whose Sovereigns and their Ministers have of late shown great intelligence and zeal for the improvement of the country and the people. Mrs. James Procter, who lived five years in Madagascar, and whose husband is now in the island, and has recently been exploring the region about Solary and St. Augustine's Bay, on the south-west coast, has favoured us with the use of some photographs to furnish our Illustrations. The chief commercial port is Tamatave, on the east coast, and to the north of this is the French settlement of Port Louis or Isle St. Marie. The capital of the Hova kingdom, the city of Antananarivo, is finely situated on a hill of the Imerina uplands, in the interior, and the first view of the city, from opposite hills, in approaching it at a distance of fourteen miles, is described as highly imposing. It has a town population of ninety thousand, whose houses, covering the hill, are mostly of wood, square, with high thatched roofs, and the gables ornamented with projecting horns. But the principal buildings are of stone and brick, and some are handsome edifices. We give a view of the entrance-gate of the Royal Palace, which stands, with the halls of audience, in a large courtyard, and has a grand aspect, being surrounded by some arcades with rows of pillars above, its front rising in three storeys to 120 ft., with a width of 100 ft. and a depth of 65 ft. The two great halls, on the ground-floor, are elaborately painted with Moorish or Persian designs, and the floors are inlaid with beautiful varieties of wood. On the tables here are displayed the Royal crown and other regalia, and silver vases of native workmanship. The Trano Vola, or "silver house," in which the Prime Minister sees visitors on affairs of State, is so named from silver nails only having been used in the construction of its timber building. Queen Ranavalona III., who was crowned in November 1883, has an enlightened Minister in Rainilialavony, and his friendly disposition towards the English should be frankly acknowledged.

AN OLD OFFENDER—TRAPPED!

The romance of English rural life, as well in its more innocent and idyllic phases as in the adventurous rascality to which poaching had inevitably degraded in the last generation, seems now to be faded; and we believe that not much popular sympathy is wasted on the fate sure to overtake those idle fellows, no longer bound apprentice to farmers in Somersetshire or elsewhere, who formerly made it their "delight, on a shiny night, in the season of the year," rearing pheasants, in the modern fashion, costs a great deal of money; and the furtive killing and stealing of those pampered birds is regarded by honest folk as downright robbery, no less than the theft of barn-fowl in an enclosed farmyard. This midnight marauder, whom our Artist has depicted warily, but for once too rashly, groping his way through the Squire's woods, in pursuit of game which is certainly not his property, and who is "an old offender" of that dangerous class, deserves legal punishment, and is about to get his deserts. The Squire, attended by a valiant gamekeeper, has watched him entering the wood; in another moment, the keeper has grappled him from behind, and his gun goes off in the struggle, firing harmlessly in the air. We are not sorry that he is "trapped" at last, but we should like to hope that a brief imprisonment will teach him to renounce these wrongful tricks, and that he will eventually find his way to some new country—Australia, for instance, or New Zealand—where at least he may shoot thousands of rabbits, and be handsomely rewarded for doing such useful service; or to the backwoods of Canada, which abound in free wild game.

The historic walls which surround York City have been restored at a cost of £3500.

The Duke of Newcastle has accepted the office of President of the International Exhibition, to be held at Leeds this year.

Dr. R. D. R. Sweeting, medical superintendent of the Western Fever Hospital, has been appointed medical inspector of her Majesty's Local Government Board.

The anonymous donors of £1000 sent some time ago to the Mayor of Cork for distribution among needy widows in that city turn out to be Sir John and Lady Arnott.

The Goldsmiths' Company have paid to the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Blomfield-street, Moorfields, £500 towards the extension and building fund of the proposed new hospital.

Dr. Claughton, Bishop of St. Albans, has placed his resignation in the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop is eighty-two years of age.

Viscount Wolseley, acting for the Duke of Cambridge, proceeded, on Feb. 13, to Woolwich, where he distributed the prizes and commissions to the successful students at the Military Academy, after which the cadets broke up for their vacation.

The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company have reported to their members that of the forty-one estates belonging to them all but two are in occupation. The houses are well filled, except those at the East-End, and the amount lost by defaulters in their rent has been very small. When all the buildings are completed they will accommodate about thirty thousand persons.

The twenty-seventh annual Exhibition of Canaries and British and Foreign Cage Birds has been held at the Crystal Palace. It was one of the largest, if not the largest, show of birds of this kind ever exhibited, the number of entries being 2578, divided among 109 classes. The birds were shown in a tent in the nave, extending from the central transept to the tropical department.

The Duke of Argyll opened the Victoria Infirmary at Glasgow on Feb. 14. It was built in honour of the Queen's Jubilee, and is situated just outside the southern boundaries of the city. The Lord Provost and Magistrates, in official robes, the Town Council, and many citizens were present. The Duke said that Glasgow set an example to all cities, because her infirmaries were supported by the working classes and benevolent citizens.

At the annual meeting of the Chamber of Shipping on Feb. 14 the recent strike in the docks was discussed, and a resolution was passed urging the Government to afford protection to both workmen and employers in similar disputes. At the dinner in the evening Sir M. Hicks-Beach replied to the toast of the Government. He expressed his belief that no class of men would be more gratified by anything tending to the saving of life and property at sea than shipowners, and he asked their aid in any future legislation on the subject.



SKETCHES IN MADAGASCAR: ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL PALACE, ANTANANARIVO.



AN OLD OFFENDER—



TRAPPED!

THREE HISTORIC RIDES.

Everywhere in the avenues of the past there is heard the sound of horse-hoofs galloping. Everywhere, and always, the man on horseback has been deemed better than the man on foot—the cavalier nobler than the pedestrian; and from the rushings of Achilles' steeds among the Trojan hosts to the last charge of the German Uhlans horses have been associated with the most brilliant actions of men. Everywhere the echo of their hoofs is heard in song, from the days of Homer and Virgil to those of Whittier and Browning; and always that echo—to use Sir Philip Sidney's phrase—stirs the blood like the sound of a trumpet. The audience is cold indeed that does not fire at the reading of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," or "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Well were the actions worthy of song that are chronicled in these three poems, and none will deny that the songs have been worthy of them. In each case, however, the motive of the action has been gallant, and the poet has been inspired by its heroism or its happy issue. There are rides of another sort still unsung, where the hoofs have rung rhythmic to darker emotions, and it remains to be seen whether these might not be chanted with as strong effect. Besides the *atra cura* of Horace there have sat behind the horseman stern passions like despair, revenge, and fanaticism, and it may be that they, rung out to the thunder of the iron heels, would make a strange and tragic threnody.

There were no roads in Scotland in the year 1568. Carriages were few, almost unknown, even in the south, and here in the north ladies and lords alike still rode on horseback, by uncared-for bridle-tracks along hillside and moor. The steed, therefore, that bore Queen Mary a fugitive after the downfall of her arms and hopes at Langside, must have trodden a varying echo, as it sped, from moss and rock, rain-course and grassy lea—an echo changeable and tempestuous as must have been the thoughts in the Queen's own mind. Eleven days earlier she had still been a close prisoner in the Castle of Loch Leven, and, after an escape so romantic that even Sir Walter Scott has hardly been able to improve upon it, she had gone through all the vicissitudes possible to Royalty and a court. An old castle, ruined and ivy-clad, hangs yet on the cliff edge, high above the brawling Evan, amid the forest solitudes of Cadzow. There, where the wild white cattle of Hamilton wander now undisturbed, where the blue-tit builds in the crannied wall and the squirrel treasures acorns in the moat, Mary had once more tasted a week of wild but happy hope. From far and near the true hearts had come spurring in, and so fair, so unfortunate the young Queen was (she was only twenty-six even then), so strangely romantic her history already, and so uncertain the brilliance of her future, it cannot be doubted that, with the homage to her sovereignty, she had tasted everywhere from eye and lip the thrilling tribute of personal devotion which is woman's highest meed from the brave and gentle. Day after day her forces had grown, till everywhere the forest aisles were filled with the glitter of helm and spear. Six thousand men were at her word as she rode away from Cadzow that fair May morning. The plumes of her truest knights were once more waving about her; far and near she saw fluttering in the sunshine the pennons of her friends; and as, riding through the columns, she heard the acclamations of loyalty and enthusiasm, and as the brave Lords of Seaton and of Herries at her saddle-bow vowed with their life's blood to set her once more on the throne of her ancestors, was it a marvel that the smile had once more come to her lip and the light of hope and pleasure to her heart? Alas! it was the sunshine only of an Indian summer.

Already Lord Seaton was dead. The gallant Hamiltons, after struggling in vain to force the passage of that narrow defile at Langside, were many of them slain. And Lord Herries, after charging again and again brilliantly, but unsupported, at the head of the Queen's cavalry, wounding the Regent's leader Ogilvy with his own hand, was himself now by Mary's rein, spurring rapidly towards the south. How changed from the gay prancings of the morning must now have been the trample of the flying hoofs! Away! away! stretching out towards an unknown bourne, with the shouts of the victors, the cries of the wounded ringing fearfully yet in her ears, the Queen sped on. Her heart was brave: that has never been doubted. For the third time she had that morning ridden to battle at her army's head, the first time having been for the sake of that very brother who was now her bitterest foe. But courage of a greater sort was needed to bear the overturning of this day's hopes, and as the little cavalcade plying whip and spur, headed away towards Dundrennan, sixty miles distant, it need have been no marvel if more than once there came upon her soul the sickening blackness of despair. When the song of that ride has been faithfully written the world will know more than it does now, if only by the flash of the flint-sparks, of the rocky and fearful paths by which a young and gentle heart may have to pass through its valley of the shadow.

Less than two years later there was the galloping of other fateful hoofs in Scotland. On a raw January day of 1570 the country folk, as they saw him pass, must have wondered at the drawn, pale face of a rider who spared neither whip nor spur as he crossed the wild uplands of Stirling and Lanark. The flank of his powerful steed was red yet with blood where he had stabbed it to leap a trench, and in his hand he carried aarquebuss warm still with the tragic shot that had made the fortunes of a kingdom tremble. No tremulous woman's heart was there, torn with forebodings and bitter with wild regrets, but under the dark cloak and doublet the raging of more fearful passions—a tempest of fire and ice, the agony and desolation of love destroyed, the exultation of wild but fruitless revenge. As the black steed went rocking and bounding through the hollow waterways and over the open moors, dog and sheep fled from the resolute clang of its hoofs, and few men would have cared to withstand the bloodshot glare of its rider's eye. No man can know the thoughts of that horseman on that long and solitary ride, but when he drew up his steed in the castle yard at Cadzow the loiterers there, looking in his face, knew the dark deed that had been accomplished, and knew him for their kinsman, James Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh. Far off in Linlithgow that night the Regent of Scotland, James Stuart, Earl of Moray, died of the gunshot through his body.

All the world knows the story of Bothwellhaugh's wrong, and its revenge. One of the six gentlemen condemned to forfeiture and death for taking part with the Queen at Langside, he had managed to escape from prison; but when the others were pardoned and their forfeitures restored his name had been excepted. While in hiding for this reason, his rage, despair, and grief may be understood when he heard the outrage perpetrated upon his wife, whom he tenderly loved. At the instance of the Regent's assignee and favourite, Sir James Bellenden, the Lord Justice Clerk, she had been turned, ill and naked, and on a pitiless night, out of her own patrimony of Woodhouselee, and had, in consequence, before morning become furiously mad. The forfeiture of Woodhouselee by the Regent was itself most unjust, and, purposely or not, the miscreants who executed the act of confiscation so cruelly

were never brought to punishment by him. Few, therefore, will deny that Hamilton had grounds for turning the vengeance of his despair direct upon the Regent himself. His gloomy exultation may be imagined as he prepared for his revenge within that little wooden gallery over the Linlithgow street—spreading the feather-bed on the floor to deaden the sound of his footsteps, hanging the black cloth behind to prevent his shadow being seen on the wall, and cutting the hole in the lower lattice for the muzzle of his arquebuss. But the rush of the wind about him as he galloped away after the fatal shot could bring no assuagement to the ancient grief at his heart; and the echoing tramp of his iron-shod charger must only have rung rhythmic to his brain with the terrible barren futility of revenge.

Might not this gallop, therefore, well form the subject of a new and powerful song?

Again. On the Third of May of the year 1679, in the reign of "the Merry Monarch," nine gentlemen were out riding in Fife. No harm in that: equestrian exercise is natural in the country, and gentlemen may meet at a cross road. But these men were armed with guns and swords, and neither stag nor hare was then hunted in that way. Apparently their quarry had escaped them, and sullen and wrathful looks bespoke their disappointment. They were about to separate, the thirst for blood within them still unsatisfied, when an incident occurred. A woman approached and said a few words to the horsemen. There was a sudden change: their smouldering purpose leapt into new, fierce flame, and calling out, "The Lord hath delivered His enemy into our hands!" the cavalcade got into instant motion.

Far off upon the moor a great carriage was slowly making its way, moving carefully as the condition of the road made necessity. At sight of an armed pursuit, however, the postillion strove with whip and spur to urge his horses, and the great coach went crashing away over the broken ruts, plunging and straining fearfully on its leather springs. For the occupant of the carriage had strong reason to fear the hate of his enemies. Beside him sat his daughter; and a fearful sight she was presently to witness. On a spot afterwards planted with trees, three miles west of St. Andrews, the coach was overhauled, shouts of "Judas be taken!" were heard from behind, and shots came splintering through the panels. In another moment—for these things happen with incredible swiftness—the postillion was knocked from his horse, the traces were cut, and a ring of fatal horsemen round the carriage commanded her father to come forth. Relentless hearts they must have had to carry through the transaction which followed: the old man, wounded, dragging himself on hands and knees to beg protection from his enemy; the daughter's tears and prayers as she threw her own body between her father and the swords of his assailants; the ring and thud of the pistol-shots; the groans of the dying man; and the final crash of steel and bone that ended the tragedy.

Then, wheeling their horses, away these riders went. It is bootless to ask whether their thirst for blood was quenched now that they had slain "the Lord's enemy." The fires of fanaticism are hardly put out by the death of a single victim. But the stain of blood was on their swords and hearts, and the sweet airs of that May afternoon could hardly cool its corroding, nor could the dews of nightfall shed the peace of innocence again upon their brows. For a week afterwards there was riding of the fugitives to and fro among the moors and hills. Wherever they came, to lonely farm or upland manor, though nothing might be known of the fierce transaction on the heath of Fife, there was that in their wild and jaded looks which betrayed the memory dogging them. Behind each horseman on these wanderings, and ever afterwards, was mounted a conscious shadow. Something of that shadow's after-haunting has been traced by Scott in the pages of "Old Mortality"; but imagination has still to read its presence between the lines of history, and it is still left to the thought of the student to perceive how the reckless leaders of the charges, later, at the battles of Drumclog and Bothwell Bridge, were goaded to their death at the cannon's mouth by the pale, blood-stained face behind them of the murdered Archbishop of St. Andrews.

G. E.-T.

BURNING OF A THEATRE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The town of Johannesburg, in the Transvaal, 300 miles north-east of Kimberley, in the Diamond Fields of the Cape Colony, and not thirty miles south of Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, has sprung up, within the past five years, from the prosperity of gold-mining on the Witwatersrand. It



RUINS OF THE GLOBE THEATRE, JOHANNESBURG, AFTER THE FIRE.

has now a white population exceeding 20,000, with handsome public buildings of stone, banks, offices, hotels, and large stores; but the Globe Theatre was destroyed by fire one day in October last. Mr. Rex Russell, the popular actor, who was to have played Falstaff that evening for his own benefit, and who was, of course, one of the chief losers by this disaster, sends us a photograph, taken on the morning after the fire, just before the front wall of the building fell in. The fire broke out at half past seven in the evening, and when Mr. Russell entered he found the theatre full of smoke and the act-drop in flames. It was caused by the falling of a petroleum-lamp, which set fire to the wings. Little could be saved of the "properties" and the actors' dresses. The roof being made of galvanised iron, there were loud reports, like platoon firing, caused by the bursting of the bolts that joined the plates of the roof together. After the roof fell in, the fire gradually sank, and by midnight had quite burnt itself out. It was about ten o'clock when loud jeers and laughter announced the arrival of the fire-engine and brigade, "consisting of a garden syringe, a bucket of water, and a nigger to work it." Fortunately, there was no wind, or the whole town would have been destroyed.

ART EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. TOOTH AND SONS' GALLERIES.

A pleasant supplement to the still remaining Winter Exhibition at these galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket) has been made in the shape of a collection of oil-paintings by Mr. C. E. Johnson. The pictures are intended to illustrate the various phases of sport which the lochs, moors, and mountains of the Highlands afford. Mr. Johnson is evidently a keen sportsman, a lover of nature, and fond of fresh air. These, rather than very great artistic skill, are the characteristics of his work; and one cannot help thinking that the pictures which show the most care are the least interesting. In some of his works, however, he combines a really strong effect with plenty of dramatic incident—as, for instance, in the large picture "In the Sanctuary" (29), a fine rough bit of deer-forest scenery, in which the patches of sunlight on the browned heather and short grass of the mountain slopes are admirably caught; Another well-composed picture also refers to stag-life, but in this case (5) the view is from the higher ground, and looking down the dell, where the deer have given the sportsman so good a chance that he may well listen to the gillie's advice: "Tak' your time, Sir." Grouse-shooting and salmon-fishing, of course, share, with deer-stalking, the time of both the artist and the sportsman; but Mr. Johnson seems to have an eye for a general bag, for he furnishes pleasant episodes of "Woodcock-Shooting" (2), "Among the Wild Duck" (7), "Heron-Shooting on Loch Linnhe" (28), "Trolling for Trout in Loch Buie" (21), and even "Codling-Fishing near Oban" (17). We express the hope, however, that neither he nor his friends ever fired a shot at the plaintive-looking seals, of which some are to be found at most seasons of the year at Appin (25), and elsewhere along the coast, giving pleasant greetings and excitement to the yachtsmen and others who creep among these lochs. Among other pictures which deserve notice may be mentioned "Grouse-Shooting in Argyshire" (23), very pleasant in colour, but somewhat dwarfing the distant hills; "A Long Cast" (12), a view on the river Orchy; and a brilliant view taken "Among the Coolins" (13), in which full justice is done to the rich colouring of those hills. "A Misty Morning" (36) and, more especially, "A Lonely Moor" (38) belong to a more studied style of work, which shows another side of Mr. Johnson's art.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY ART SOCIETY.

The members of this society (Conduit-street Galleries) find little difficulty in furnishing their walls three times a year with specimens of their work. They are not always of a very high order, or of uniform merit, but are fairly representative of those younger artists who are not eager to "show their judgment in extremes." Many a painter who has made a reputation for himself elsewhere has won his spurs in these exhibitions, and the chief object of visitors should be to "spot" future winners in the art race. Mr. T. K. Pelham, one of the older supporters of the society, never seems to get beyond a certain limit of colour, borrowed more or less obviously from Phillip "of Spain." His "Lemon-Seller of Aragon" (61) and "Breton Fisher-Maiden" (64) are neither better nor worse than many similar works. Mr. Yeend King is another who stands by his first society, and his two contributions, "In the Valley of the Wye" (46) and "Summer Lilies" (131), are as fresh as paint can make them, the figure of the girl in the latter being especially well drawn. Mr. H. J. Kinnaird has seized the colour and tone of the Thames in one of its prettiest reaches at the "Marsh Lock" (39), just above Henley; and Mr. Maurice Page has produced a good result in his encampment of "Bohemians" (54), which in no way attempts to reproduce Fred Walker's "Vagabonds," although the subject is the same. Mr. R. S. Marriott is very well represented by a number of sketches from Wales, the Isle of Wight, and elsewhere; among which the grey and green of "Luccombe Chino" (207), the grey shimmer of morning preceding a hot summer's day "Near Shanklin" (129), and the slight but attractive rendering of "The Bottomless Pool" (173) near Oswestry, are the most noteworthy. Miss Kate Sowerby's "Morning Call" (9), a cat visiting two delightful ponies in their stable, takes quite the first place among the ladies' work—although Miss Leigh's "In Summer" (209), very Belgian in tone and treatment, deserves also very high praise. Among other pictures which merit the attention of the visitor or the speculator may be mentioned Mr. F. J. Aldridge's "Becalmed" (55) and "Storm Warriors" (71), a life-boat in a very dirty sea doing its work with simple straightforwardness; Mr. W. J. Warren's "On the Edge of the New Forest" (110), Mr. W. Luker's "Leafy Month of June" (118), Mr. Hamilton Marr's "Passing Showers" (124) and "Golden Sunset" (211), Mr. Walter Goldsmith's "Bray Reach" (153), Mr. F. W. Hayes's "Llyn Dhu" (163), and Mr. Charles Sims's "Golden Sunrise" (220), a work full of very distinct promise.

Among the water-colours we meet with more familiar names, Mr. Fred Burgess, as usual, giving us reminiscences of Venice, Mr. Loxham Browne of Scotland, and Mr. Sowden of many lands. Miss M. S. Grose's "Old Mill, St. David's" (358) is a remarkably strong bit of painting, both of flowers and moss-covered stones; and Mr. Laurence Hart's "Light and Shadow on the Moors" (362) contains some very clever work, and grapples successfully with a serious artistic difficulty.

THE BURLINGTON GALLERY.

The exhibition of pictures "by the President and Members of the Cercle Artistique of Antwerp" which has here (27, Old Bond-street) been brought together gives a very feeble idea of the present state of painting in the famous Flemish city. Of the high level of technique for which the Antwerp school is renowned we find but few traces here. At the same time, a certain number will, perhaps, offer other attractions to those who appreciate foreign art. For example, Mr. Edg. Farasyn's "Antwerp Fish-Market" (30) is a strongly painted, unimaginative piece of work, brutally realistic and truthful; and M. Emile Claus's "Thieves in the Cornfield" (37), a flock of geese making themselves at home among the yellow corn, is, in spite of its vivid colouring, rendered wholly uninteresting by its prosaic treatment. Henri Rul—obviously an imitator of Verstraeten—contributes "A December Morning" (54), which has a touch of sympathy with country life; and H. Houben's "Returning Home" (58), a girl driving cows through a leafy lane, is one of the best bits of landscape-painting in the room. The most forcible and really brilliant bit of work is a "Cock-fight" (76) by P. Van Engelen, in which colour, movement, and strength are combined in equal proportions; and it is all the more interesting when looked at in comparison with the treatment of the same subject by the old masters. Among the other works which have a certain merit may be mentioned a "Street Scene in Old Antwerp" (72) by H. F. Schaevels, whose large picture of the "Battle of Trafalgar," at the Antwerp Museum, is one of his best works; a "Country Girl" (59) by Emile Claus, which suggests too much an imitative and debased Bastien Le Page; De Rooters's studies of still life (49 and 50); and a real good specimen of Verbrugge—"Horses at Rest" (47), which shows that animal-painting still has adepts in the modern Antwerp school.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE HISTORY OF A BONE.

The sight of a fragment of bone which has been lying for a day or two in the back garden—a relic of the carnivorous practices of my Dalmatian dog—suggests that the history of that most familiar of our bodily belongings may fitly form the topic of a few desultory thoughts in this week's "Jottings." Like many another very familiar thing, bone is a mystery to the people. We scarcely take time or trouble to read even half a page now and then of the world's story, or of our own history. That is my own great grumble against my fellow-men.

In this age of ours we are politically mad, and the criticism (by statesmen in embryo) of this policy or that seems the one hobby of life for thousands. I do not object to a man taking a side in politics: he would be a poor creature indeed if he had no opinions of his own about how his country should be governed; but I do reprehend the excessive devotion of the masses to uninteresting politics, when they are ignorant of themselves and of the world they inhabit. Most great questions, I fancy, settle themselves, in time, without the frothings of pothouse politicians; and we shall certainly never become an advancing or a rational nation until we have educated ourselves at large in science, which is the key to the understanding of even human motives and acts. This is all by the way, of course; but I feel bound to decry political culture (as now represented, in and by uproarious abuse), and to advise the people to try a little popular science as a set-off to the never-ending Irish question or the matter of foreign policies and the rights of labour.

Bone, chemically speaking, is a combination of animal and mineral matter. The animal matter is gelatin, which is boiled out of the bone in making stock for soup. The mineral matter is phosphate of lime, of which compound we carry about with us, therefore, a very considerable quantity. Other minerals—chalk, for instance, and magnesia—are found in bone, but it is the phosphate of lime to which bone owes its hardness. If a bone be soaked in a weak acid for ten or fourteen days, the mineral matter is dissolved out, but the animal matter remains; hence a bone so treated keeps its shape, but becomes so flexible that it may be tied in a knot. When old age comes upon us, certain notable changes in our bones fall to be noted. The animal matter then seems to pass into the background, and the mineral matter comes to the front. As a result, the bones of old persons become very brittle, owing to the predominance of the earthy parts; whereas in the child it is the animal side of the bone which exceeds the mineral part in quantity. Examined under the microscope, bone in a cross section is seen to be riddled with holes, which are the cut ends of canals. These are the Haversian canals, which carry the blood-vessels of the bone; for bone is a tissue which is fully supplied with blood for its nourishment and growth. Around the cut ends of the canals the microscope also shows us irregular hollows (called *lacunæ*) arranged in circles, and connected with one another by delicate channels. In these hollows lie the cells of the bone, composed of living matter or protoplasm, and the delicate channels serve to connect together the little living masses. So that a bone, so far from being a dead, dry structure, as is commonly supposed, is a thoroughly living tissue, permeated by living matter, and, like all other forms of vital structure, demanding food for its growth and its repair.

It is, however, the development and growth of a bone which should possess for us the greatest interest. To know what our fragment of bone is may be, and undoubtedly is, an all-important matter, but it is one excelled in interest, I imagine, by the knowledge of how the bone came to be what it is. Now, certain bones in the body are preformed, as it were, in gristle or cartilage. Such are the long bones of the limbs. Others—the flat bones, such as those of the skull—are moulded first of all, as it were, in a white fibrous tissue. We can study how a bone grows from its gristly mould, and we notice the little cells of the cartilage growing in number and arranging themselves in rows when the process of bone-formation is about to begin. Then the limy matter is seen to encroach upon the gristle-cells, and, in due season, the little spaces, with their living matter, and the canals for the blood-vessels are outlined. The whole process is one in which the original matter—gristle or fibrous tissue—is replaced by mineral matter. We now come to the stage at which our bone has attained its shape. But it has still to grow, and growth in bone is exactly one of those actions around which a great deal of interest is centred. Roughly speaking, in a long bone we find one centre of bone-growth for the shaft, and one centre for each extremity. Now, looking at such a bone before it has attained its full growth, we see that the shaft is separated from each extremity by a bar, or intervening plate of gristle or cartilage. Both ends, indeed, are composed wholly of gristle at the time when the shaft itself has already become of bony structure.

It is in the gristly portions separating the shaft from the ends of the bone that the increase which is to lengthen the bone occurs. Here fresh growths of bony material are perpetually being added, so that the ends, as it were, are carried away by the new additions farther and farther from the shaft until the bone has attained its proper length. Thus a long bone lengthens, then, at the extremities of the shaft, and not in the middle. So far, we have accounted for the bone's increase in length. Its growth in thickness is, however, quite another matter. Covering the bone we find a dense, tough membrane, which in scientific parlance is named the periosteum or bone-sheath. Formerly, this sheath was believed to serve a minor purpose entirely. It was regarded as supporting the blood-vessels which entered the bone for nourishing purposes; but all ideas of other and more important functions pertaining to the bone-sheath were wanting. Now, bones are known to undergo processes of decay like teeth (which, however, are not bones), and it was found that when a bone did exhibit a dead portion it usually showed around the dead part a tendency to make new bone. How was this new bone formed? became therefore a grave question with surgeons, whose business it was to give diseased bones the best chance of repair. The question was answered by the late Professor Syme, who, by means of experiment, showed that when a portion of bone was removed from an animal, and the bone-sheath taken away, no new bone was formed. On the contrary, when the experiment was repeated, and the bone-sheath left, the missing portion of bone was fully and completely restored. In a word, the bone-sheath is a maker of bone, and it is to this structure that bone owes its natural growth in thickness. So powerful a repaireur of bone, indeed, is the sheath that it is related that the whole of a lower jaw has been reproduced by this membrane when, on account of disease, the surgeon has had occasion to remove the original bone.

The history of a bone is thus seen to involve not a few very curious facts in the history of the animal frame. It teaches us, once again, that in the most familiar of our bodily tissues we possess structures whose development and life involve great complexity of function. But even a superficial study of such structures is educative enough, if only for the reason that an incentive to know more, and to search more deeply, is given to us by our hasty glance at the most common belongings of our lives.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE WATER OR MARSH ANTELOPE OF AFRICA.

One usually supposes the antelope to be an inhabitant exclusively of dry plains; but there is a peculiar species, in different parts of Central Africa, which haunts the marshes and lakes and overflowed river, half immersing itself in water. This animal, the "Tragelaphus Speki," named also "Hydrotragus," was found by Captain Speke in the Victoria Nyanza region; and it abounds in the great swampy country between Lake Ngami and the upper part of the Zambesi, and is fairly plentiful in the dense reedbeds along the Chobé, Samalakani, and Okavango Rivers. The Boer travellers and hunters call it the "water koodoo"; the native Barotse and Masuivas call it the "sitatunga"; while it is named by the Bechuanas the "nakon."

We are indebted to Mr. James Arthur Nicolls, writing from Capetown on Jan. 8, for a sketch of a young water-antelope, which was captured by his native servants, being then only ten days old, after he had shot the dam in the Taohe swamp, thirty miles north of Lake Ngami, and which was conveyed from there in an ox-wagon to Mafeking, in British Bechuanaland, a distance of 750 miles. The animal is now four months old, a young doe, and has been left enjoying itself on the Molappo River, near Mafeking. It is the first living specimen that has ever been obtained. The structure of the fore feet and hind feet are shown in two smaller drawings which accompany the sketch of the entire figure in our Illustration. Our correspondent gives the following account of this strange animal, which merits the attention of naturalists, and of the Zoological Society of London:—

"Unlike other water-buck, it rarely, if ever, issues forth at night on dry land, but confines its wanderings entirely to the marshes, where, immersed up to the belly in water, it grazes on coarse aqueous plants. In colour, this one, when caught, was a dark, leaden brown almost approaching black, and at that time was marked with eight very distinct white stripes, running transversely across the back. But as the young animal advanced in age, these stripes gradually disappeared, and are



THE "WATER ANTELOPE" OF THE LAKE NGAMI AND UPPER ZAMBESI REGIONS.

now almost unnoticeable, while the general tone of colouring of the whole body has become much lighter. But the great distinguishing mark between the sitatunga and all other animals of the antelope tribe is the extraordinary disproportionate length of the hoofs in relation to the size of the body. They are in length fully double those of a full-grown koodoo, which is an animal considerably larger in size, and heavier in weight.

"Its mode of progression on hard ground is extremely awkward and painful in appearance, having to support the entire weight of the body on the points of the hoofs of the hind feet, and on a portion of the hoofs of the fore feet. There is very little doubt that the animal uses its long hoofs as a sort of prop or fork to support it when proceeding through floating masses of vegetation. The accounts given by Major Serpa Pinto of the diving capabilities of this antelope are quite erroneous. When, however, it is pursued by the natives in canoes, its constant device is to immerse the entire body under water, with the exception of the nostrils.

"The full-grown male stands about the same size as a hartebeeste cow, and, except in colour, bears a very striking resemblance to the koodoo. The females are hornless."

The Duke of Leeds, who is a large landowner in West Cornwall, has subscribed £1000 towards the restoration of the interesting old churches of Breage and Germoe.

The Rev. Joseph Wood, head master of Tonbridge School, has been appointed to the head mastership of Tonbridge School, to succeed the Rev. T. B. Rowe, resigned, at Michaelmas next.

The residents of Doncaster have resolved to invite the Royal Agricultural Society to hold its show for 1891 in their town.

Dr. R. D. R. Sweeting, medical superintendent of the Western Fever Hospital, has been appointed medical inspector of the Local Government Board, in place of Dr. Stevens, resigned.

The Duke of Westminster has undertaken to place a large stained-glass window, which will cost £1200, in St. John's Church, Chester. The design is to be illustrative of the history of the church and of the city.

The Earl of Shaftesbury has become a vice-president of the King Edward Ragged Schools, Youths' Institute, and Christian Mission, Spitalfields, of which his grandfather was president from 1846 until his death, in October 1885.

M. Waddington, French Ambassador, presided on Feb. 15 at the twenty-second annual dinner in aid of the French Hospital and Dispensary, and, in proposing the toast of the evening, said that £6000 was yet needed to clear off the building debt. The Minister of the Interior in France had that day announced a subscription of 2000 f. During the past year the institution had relieved 12,351 out-patients and 366 in-patients. Subscriptions amounting to more than £2000 were announced.

SKETCHES IN FORMOSA: SAVAGE VISITORS.

Mr. Edmund Hornby Grimani, who resided some months at Takow, on the south-west shore of the large island of Formosa, which is situated about 200 miles off the coast of China, has favoured us with a few Sketches, two or three of which have appeared in our Journal. The Chinese settlements in the plains along the west side of the island, the sugar plantations to the south and tea plantations to the north, seem to be thriving; and the natives of those districts, who are called Pepuhans, are usually peaceable; but they are exposed to the frequent attacks of the savage mountaineers dwelling in the interior and on the eastern side. In the excursion, already mentioned, which Mr. Grimani and two, or three European companions made to Banksing, a Pepuhuan village at the foot of the mountains, where a Spanish missionary has lived over thirty years, our correspondent met with a tribe of aboriginal savages; and the Sketches now presented give a lively notion of their looks and manners. They are accompanied with the following description, which will amuse our readers:—

"Next morning, just as I had completed dressing, my servant, knowing that I wanted to make a few sketches of the savages, came hurriedly to inform me that a party of them were below, having just come down from the mountains. Seizing my sketch-book, I proceeded to an outhouse, where I found a chief with several relatives—men, women, and children—all seated in a row upon a rude bench, which was the only article of furniture in the room. The males, who were all armed with long knives, wore skull-caps of raw hide, long hair, and very short kilts; the chief being distinguished by the superiority of his ornaments, a star of boar's tusks on his forehead, and a scanty piece of cloth thrown over his shoulders, which did duty for a cloak. Their complexions were very dark, and their skins rough from exposure; several were bleeding about the legs, feet, and hands, from thorn-pricks and abrasions against rocks, wounds incidental to the hard lives they lead. I opened the sketch-book, and began with the chief, who seemed rather uneasy under this ordeal, and looked as though he had an appointment somewhere and was anxious to get away. He would have looked at his watch if he had had one, for his hands groped about where his watch-pocket ought to have been. When I stared him in the face, and put the corresponding lines on paper, his eyes wandered over the room and his fingers twitched nervously at his bare knees, evidently believing I was engaged in some act of sorcery. As I sketched his cap the feathers began to waggle, he was in such a state of tremor; but when I proceeded to sharpen my pencil, he thought the critical moment had arrived, and I was preparing to execute my fell purpose; then, with a loud war-whoop, he jumped into the air, and 'scouted' through a door on his left, followed by the remainder of his tribe.

"How I envied that chief's fine running powers! Though a man of over sixty, there he was far up the mountain, well in advance of the other fugitives, having rushed off on the principle of 'devil take the hindmost.' Once did he stop to look behind, but only for an instant; for, seeing me waving my sketch-book to lure him back, and misunderstanding the signal, he darted off again, and was quickly out of sight. I roared at the comicality of the scene; but my amusement was soon turned to alarm.

"The old fellow presently returned, well armed, and reinforced by his whole tribe, who advanced by leaps and bounds down the precipitous mountain side, flourishing their spears in a very threatening manner, evidently thirsting for vengeance. What was I to do? We had revolvers and guns, certainly; but what could so few do against so many? Fortunately, the reproduction of my sketch-book and pencil had the effect of stopping their advance, and allowing me time to send out an interpreter to hold a party and explain matters. The mission was successful. Most of the savages were reassured that I had no evil intent; but the old chief still had his suspicions of me. In the hope of allaying his fears, I stepped forward and begged him to look at his portrait; but he turned away with horror, and would on no account look at it. Subsequently, the savages became more familiar with us; and, as each succeeding day brought fresh contingents down from the mountains, they eventually proved themselves a nuisance, boldly walking into our bed-rooms before we were dressed, examining everything in the rooms, trying on our clothes, generally the wrong way, and feeling us all over to see what our muscles were like; conduct to which we were compelled to submit by the insufficiency of the force at our command to resent it. It was annoying; but, after all, we were only subject to their prying curiosity, while any injudicious action on our part might have involved the village in difficulties with their uncertain-tempered neighbours. They were a rough, murderous-looking lot, extremely muscular and always armed, sometimes with spears, or bows and arrows, or even muskets, but always with the short sword girded to their loins. The wooden sheaths of these swords are constructed so as to expose the blade; that is, one side is cut away, and a zigzag wire substituted to keep the blade in its place. Many of the savages looked picturesque, with the skin of a species of leopard suspended gracefully from the shoulder and partly wrapped round the body.

"We had altogether a pleasant time rambling over the hills, shooting, and trying to pick up a few words of the barbarous jargon spoken by the aborigines. One afternoon, I witnessed a curious performance in our courtyard. Two Chinese were dressed up to represent a dragon; the head being managed by a man, and the agile tail by a youth, while a long strip of cotton cloth, joining them, made a respectable though rather limp sort of a body. The head snapped its great jaws, viciously or playfully, at the tail, the latter dodging about to avoid being bitten by the head; their combined contortions producing a ludicrous effect. All the time, a body of Pepuhans kept up an accompaniment with clanging cymbals. The audience consisted of savages, some of whom appreciated the performance intensely, while one elderly chief, unable to restrain his emotions, leapt into the air and executed a *pas seul*, he was so charmed with the music of the cymbals.

"We had intended to make an excursion over the mountains, to see the aborigines in their own homes; but, one of the party falling ill with fever and ague, the trip had to be abandoned. At the end of the week, after giving thanks to our kind old host, we started on our homeward journey."

Sir Stafford Northcote has been appointed Provincial Grand Master of the Mark Masons of Devonshire.

Mr. Causton, M.P., presided at the annual dinner of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, at which subscriptions were announced to the amount of £2360.

The Lord Mayor on Feb. 15 distributed the prizes awarded after the fifth competition among English schools and colleges to French masters and mistresses. His Lordship was presented with a diploma of honorary membership of the National Society of French Masters.



A SAVAGE CHIEF RETURNING WITH REINFORCEMENTS.



FIRST SIGHT OF AN ABORIGINAL SAVAGE.



QUAINT PERFORMANCE AT A SAVAGE ENTERTAINMENT.

SKETCHES IN THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA.



GOING TO THE DANCE.

DRAWN BY W. GROOME.

NEW BOOKS.

Oliver Cromwell the Protector: An Appreciation based on Contemporary Evidence. By Reginald F. D. Palgrave, C.B. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)—To those who "like a good later," and who are not themselves lovers of Cromwell personally, this severe attack on a great historical character may be acceptable; but the author, one of a family distinguished in English literary and antiquarian studies, has more the keenness of a partisan than the judicial faculty of testing motives and weighing considerations of conduct. He does not pretend to examine the train of events that brought England to the Civil War, but sets out with the panic of 1641, the exaggerated alarm caused by the Irish rebellion and its massacres, and the frantic rage of the Londoners against the "Papists" and the French Queen. Because there was some popular delusion of this kind, which Pym and others, joined by Cromwell, certainly turned to account in the contest, begun long before, of the Parliament against the usurped prerogative of the Crown, he will see nothing on that side but a dire conspiracy to seize power for vile and selfish ends. This is not our reading of the history of the Civil War, and we believe that, if Hampden had lived, its result might have been a constitutional settlement affording guarantees of political liberty as good as were gained in 1688. But the period which this writer undertakes to examine is that of the Protectorate, from 1653 to 1658, when the Commonwealth, meaning a Government really controlled by the elected representatives of the people, had ceased to exist. No student of the precise transactions of those five or six years will deny that England was then held in abject bondage to the commanders of the military force which had been employed in Ireland and Scotland, as well as in this country, for the subjugation of the Royalists. The Dictatorship of Cromwell was oppressive and obnoxious not less to the genuine Republicans, and to the true friends of civil and religious freedom, and to all who approved of a Presbyterian Church Establishment, than to the friends of Charles Stuart. Mr. Palgrave, drawing his evidence wholly from authentic private papers written at the time by men in correspondence with Cromwell's Government, proves abundantly that it was, in domestic administration, rotten, corrupt, and fraudulent, as every Revolutionary Government, when it arrives at the phase of absolutism, is doomed to become. The partition of the whole country between a dozen or more grasping and domineering Major-Generals, ruling by the power of the sword, persecuting and plundering the civil population, was as heavy a scourge as England was ever forced to endure. It was inflicted under the guise of a nominal Protectorate vested in the Lord General Cromwell, who seems to have winked at gross iniquities which he was unable to prevent, being really dependent on the favour and support of those men who had most direct influence with the stronger part of the new standing army. This view of the situation of the famous "Protector" is already familiar to readers of history; but Mr. Palgrave adduces many proofs of the actual weakness of Cromwell's position, of his subservieny and vacillation, in the presence of the combined secondary chiefs of the military force, which may be compared with the heroic figure presented by Carlyle, with very disparaging effect. So far, there is a great deal of truth in the propositions of this book: whatever may be thought of Cromwell's sincerity and ability, he never had a free hand as a civil ruler; and whether or not he was capable of wisely and justly administering the affairs of the country, we do not know, or whether he would have restored the political liberties of England, if the army had been put out of the way. From one cause or another, his Government was a hideous failure; and the restoration of the Monarchy was hailed with almost universal gratification as a release from intolerable oppression. But we cannot think that Mr. Palgrave has succeeded in proving his more heinous accusations: that Cromwell personally was guilty of practising the basest artifices to deceive public opinion by false pretences of Royalist plots, or to tempt the Royalists and the exiled King, Charles II., into feeble attempted invasions; that he contrived the suborning of perjured witnesses, the "trepanning" or seducing of unwary Cavalier gentlemen whom he wished to destroy, and other fraudulent mystifications, to keep up a general belief that the safety of the Commonwealth depended on his rule. Some tricks of this kind were undoubtedly practised by certain of his subordinates, and they are the besetting evils of all despotic or arbitrary governments—indeed, of all coercive rule which must withstand or moderate the forces both of reaction and of revolutionary excess. Oliver Cromwell, however, was not a scoundrel, much less a devil, as Mr. Palgrave says he was; indeed, we venture still to regard him as a patriot, and a Christian according to his lights, victorious in the field of battle, misguided and unsuccessful in the task of reforming statesmanship; for his lack of political sagacity was proved by the ignominious end of the Commonwealth.

The Life of Richard Steele. By George A. Aitken. Two vols. (W. Isbister.)—A biographical work of diligent research and painstaking accuracy, dealing with materials not before collected, and in a judicious and discriminating manner, deserves general commendation. Mr. Aitken has laboured faithfully in his task. But we scarcely think the subject of importance sufficient to require eight hundred closely printed octavo pages, in these latter days. It is more than a century and a half since the death of Sir Richard Steele, an author chiefly famous as one of "the wits of Queen Anne's reign," whose collective renown is due more to Swift and Addison. In the first half of the eighteenth century, until the rise of Johnson, Goldsmith, Fielding, and their contemporaries, who were writers of far greater originality, the early Essayists and Humourists were justly prized for their superiority to the intellectual triteness and stagnation of the Hanoverian age. The "Tatler" and "Spectator," frequently reprinted in small volumes, have always been esteemed good models of English prose style; in which respect they are, indeed, much better than Johnson's "Rambler," but hardly better than the writings of Goldsmith. There have been a hundred editions of the "Spectator," and fifty of the "Tatler" and "Guardian." Modern readers, however, want something more than examples of correct and graceful composition; and it is, perhaps, only for the sake of Sir Roger de Coverley and his companions, a delightful group of character-portraits and class-types, illustrating the manners of our ancestors, that the "Spectator" is still kept alive. The present age, which has enjoyed the richer humour of Dickens and Thackeray, the imaginative genius of great poets, romance-writers, and novelists, and the acute reflections of free-minded critics both of literature and social life, incomparably stronger than any productions of that period, cannot value Steele higher than as a second-rate performer in a company long off the stage, much excelled in that line by Charles Lamb, Hazlitt, and Washington Irving. As for his personality, here is a clever, good-tempered, agreeable Irish gentleman, educated at the Charterhouse and at Oxford, a Captain in the Guards, a showy, dressy, fussy "man about town," in a costly laced coat, ruffles, and big wig, borrowing hundreds of pounds every year and never paying

his countless creditors, dining and drinking at taverns, scribbling political pamphlets, and soliciting pensions and sinecure offices, while making fitful displays of independence; marrying in quick succession two moderately rich heiresses, flattering his second wife, the severe "Prue" of innumerable pretty little notes, with fulsome praises of her angelic beauty and wisdom; no doubt, in mere feeling, an affectionate husband and father; always boasting of some new scheme to make his fortune, but unscrupulously plunging into bottomless depths of debt. This is the author, but not the model, of "The Christian Hero," a singular pietistic treatise composed in his early manhood; the author of moral comedies, his "Tender Husband" and "Conscious Lovers" being of a rather virtuous tendency; and the self-appointed corrector of English domestic life and manners. His character only seems to us, at this distance, a little more engaging, if one did not lend him money, than that of the placid and prudent but less generous Addison; but certainly not so repulsive as that of a cynical and truculent bully like Swift. These men, as well as Pope, the sly and malicious intriguer, whose polished couplets of satiric verse were daggers of private spite, could write handsomely upon any occasion, and took care to be handsomely paid. Steele, indeed, was a consistent Whig politician; and, with our views of the history of those times, considering the treasonable plots of the Jacobite faction in 1714, when the Constitution and the Protestant succession were in extreme danger, his pamphlet of "The Crisis," for which he was unjustly expelled from the House of Commons, was a real service to the nation. He also showed much public spirit, in 1720, by opposing the nefarious Ministerial job of shifting the State liability, for many millions of annuities, to the directors of the fraudulent South Sea Bubble Company—as base and cruel a swindle as was ever practised by the aid of corrupt persons in Government offices. For such political good actions, not less than for his editorship and authorship of the famous periodical essay-papers, the "Tatler," started in April 1709, and the "Spectator," in March 1711, each running about two years, Steele merits his share of regard. But the excessive prolixity of details, crammed into these two volumes, concerning his private affairs, is a tedious and quite superfluous biographical infliction. Some fifty lawsuits are described, with recitals of the pleadings in the Court of Chancery or elsewhere, more than once filling ten or a dozen pages. A small book, compendiously framed with the ample materials, would have sufficient interest to be read.

Arminell, a Social Romance. By the Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. Three vols. (Methuen and Co.)—A critic in the *Contemporary Review* has attempted a general estimate of Mr. S. Baring Gould's faculties and qualities as a novelist. Our own judgment would be that this popular author is a remarkably clever man, endowed with a shrewd perception of things and people around him, and furnished with much odd learning, whose bent is rather to collecting and retailing anecdotes, and to using them as quaint illustrations of his discourse, than to artistic imaginative creation. He has, indeed, the power of inventing effective situations, and that of delineating, outwardly, but not from genuine sympathy, personal figures standing in violent contrast to each other; yet he fails to excite our interest in the movement of the story, because he seems to have no faith in it for himself. It is not only that he frequently stops the narrative with needless discussions, often startling by their originality and sagacity, which contain the substance of many little essays on the habits and manners of our fellow-creatures and on the fashions of our age. Nor is it only that his ready citations of a curious store of allegorical examples, gathered from the Greek and Latin classics, from Scandinavian, Teutonic, and other folklore, are sometimes put into the mouths of common people debating their everyday business amid the trivial conditions of home life. But he does not even appear to believe in the reality of such actions and passions as his work of fiction should be designed to represent; he puts no heart into the drama, and it is too evidently a capricious puppet-play, a shifting of scenes and figures, sustained by no continuous sentiment or emotion. This is the main defect of "Arminell," as of other recent novels by the same abundant writer, containing much valuable discursive thought, various knowledge, and pungent satirical wit, yet wanting in the harmony of interest, the sincerity of artistic purpose, required in a story. The heroine, Arminell Inglett, daughter of Lord Lamerton, is another of those young ladies who run away from their home, in accordance with the prevalent modern opinion that girls are wiser and more noble-minded than their parents, and that they have a right to be free and independent, at the age of eighteen, in the conscientious pursuit of an exalted idea. Though always treated with the utmost kindness by her fond father and gentle stepmother at Orleigh, allowed to neglect the lessons of a governess and to ramble about the park and woods, reading French novels, with no irksome task but that of assisting Lady Lamerton to teach an ill-conducted Sunday-school, Miss Inglett pines for emancipation. Seeking a confidant in young Mr. Saltren, the tutor of her little brother, she does not fall in love with him, in the ordinary way, but is made acquainted with a very extraordinary fancied discovery concerning him: nothing less than that he is her half-brother, an elder son of Lord Lamerton, probably illegitimate, his Lordship having, as they suppose, deceived the mother by a fictitious marriage. The mother, who is now the wife of the elder Saltren, "captain" of the manganese mine on the Orleigh estate, was once lady's-maid in the nobleman's family; the birth of this son, happening too soon after her marriage to Saltren, cast a slur on her character; and why was the boy christened Giles Inglett? and why did Lord Lamerton pay for his education and send him to Oxford? When Arminell is informed of this shameful imagined family secret, for which there is, indeed, no real foundation but the vanity and mendacity of Mrs. Saltren, her virtuous indignation against her father, one of the best and kindest of men, prompts her to quit the house and go to London, accompanied by the ungrateful family tutor. As brother and sister, of course, they arrive at an hotel in Bloomsbury, and Saltren endeavours to get literary employment by the aid of his uncle James Walsh, who is connected with the Press. At Orleigh, meantime, within a day or two, dreadful tragedies are enacted. The elder Saltren, an insane religious and revolutionary fanatic, in a fit of frenzied ecstasy at the pond in the old limestone quarry, heard his name thrice called by a voice from above, and saw a crimson-covered book, inscribed "The Gilded Clique," flung into the water, as he fancied, by an angel's hand. This book, a translation of Gaboriau's unwholesome Parisian romance, was really thrown by Arminell, trying also to attract the man's notice by her cries, when she had got up on a perilous ledge of the rocks, and wanted help to descend. But in the morbid state of his mind, exasperated by supposed wrongs done to himself and to the labouring classes, by the stoppage of employment in the manganese mine, by a dispute about his house, and finally by the persuasion that Lord Lamerton had seduced and betrayed his wife shortly before her marriage to Saltren, it was received as a summons from Heaven to inflict vengeance on the "Gilded Clique," the English aristocracy, for all their crimes and

vices. Then came the eviction of a savage old woman, Patience Kite, a reputed witch, from a squalid and ruinous hovel on his Lordship's estate which she had long refused to quit: in the execution of this legal process, which is forcibly described, reminding us of certain Irish evictions, life is accidentally lost by the falling of the roof. The assembled mob of miners and labourers, inflamed with rage by the speeches of the political agitator and by Saltren's prophetic denunciation, threaten fierce revenge; but it is by Saltren's own hand, a few hours later, that Lord Lamerton is pushed over the cliff and killed. An inquest fails to produce evidence of the murder; nevertheless, it is soon punished, for Saltren, when his delusion is over, afflicted with remorse, drowns himself in the lonely pool. These terrible events at Orleigh do not, however, prevent Arminell, though she mourns her father's death and is no undeceived concerning the parentage of the younger Saltren, persisting in her wayward project of independence. Assisted by Mr. Walsh and his wife, with whom she lives for a time, Miss Inglett contrives to make the world believe that she has died, and begins a new life with an incredibly speedy moral transformation, which is shared by Giles Inglett Saltren, finally her chosen husband, in a pleasant villa at Bournemouth. This author's conceptions of the development of individual characters exceed all rational belief, while he professes to be sceptical with regard to social progress.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HALL AND COFFEE TAVERN.

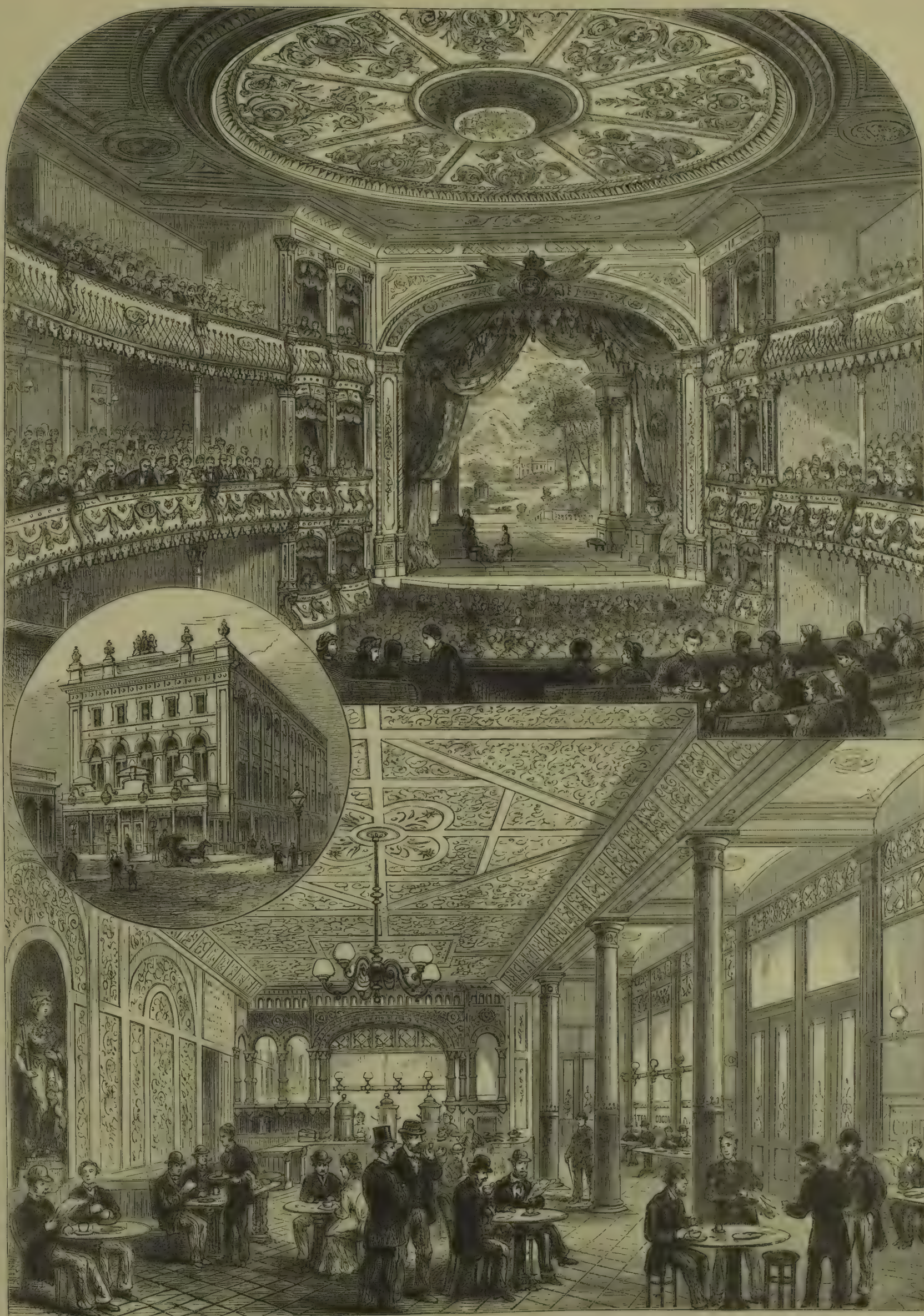
Wholesome and cheerful popular recreation for the working-classes of London is as needful in Lambeth as in Whitechapel; and we are glad to report that the institution founded, seven or eight years ago, in the building which was famous of yore as the Victoria Theatre, continues to prosper and to do much good. For this result no small credit is due to the beneficent labours of the lady, Miss Cons, Alderman elect of the London County Council, who has long acted so diligently as Honorary Manager of the Victoria Hall, and who is also Honorary Secretary and Trustee of the adjacent Morley Memorial College. Our illustrations show the large corner building in Waterloo-road, a short distance beyond the London and South-Western Railway station, which has been converted into the Victoria Hall, but the interior of which, used for concerts and variety entertainments, retains its old arrangements as a theatre. The front part of the building contains the coffee tavern on the ground floor, and a lecture-room on the first floor, where the "Popular Science Lectures" are delivered. These lectures are under the direction of a committee including Professor T. Bonney, Mr. W. Lant Carpenter, Sir John Lubbock, M.P., the Astronomer-Royal, Professor G. Carey Foster, Professor Foxwell, Dr. J. A. Fleming, Dr. Symes Thompson, Professor Chandler Austen, Dr. W. Huggins, and other well-known men of science. Among the subjects of recent Tuesday evening lectures were "Eyesight," by Dr. W. J. Collins; "Algeria," by Mr. Henry Blackburn; and "Explorations in Sinai and Palestine," by Sir Charles Wilson. The audience in the theatre on Saturday evening is usually supplied with a "variety entertainment," in which the feats of acrobats and dancers, the jests of clowns, and a few comic songs are skilfully intermixed. On Monday evening there is a good orchestral concert, with some vocal music; and selections from the opera of "La Sonnambula," with costume tableaux, were performed on Thursday, Feb. 20. Mr. Alfred Dove is the director of the orchestra. There are religious services in the Hall on Sunday evenings, and the Archbishop of Canterbury is one of the preachers. The educational work of the classes at the Morley Memorial College, under the Principal, Miss Gould, is likewise beneficial to the young persons of the neighbourhood.

THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN ARMY.

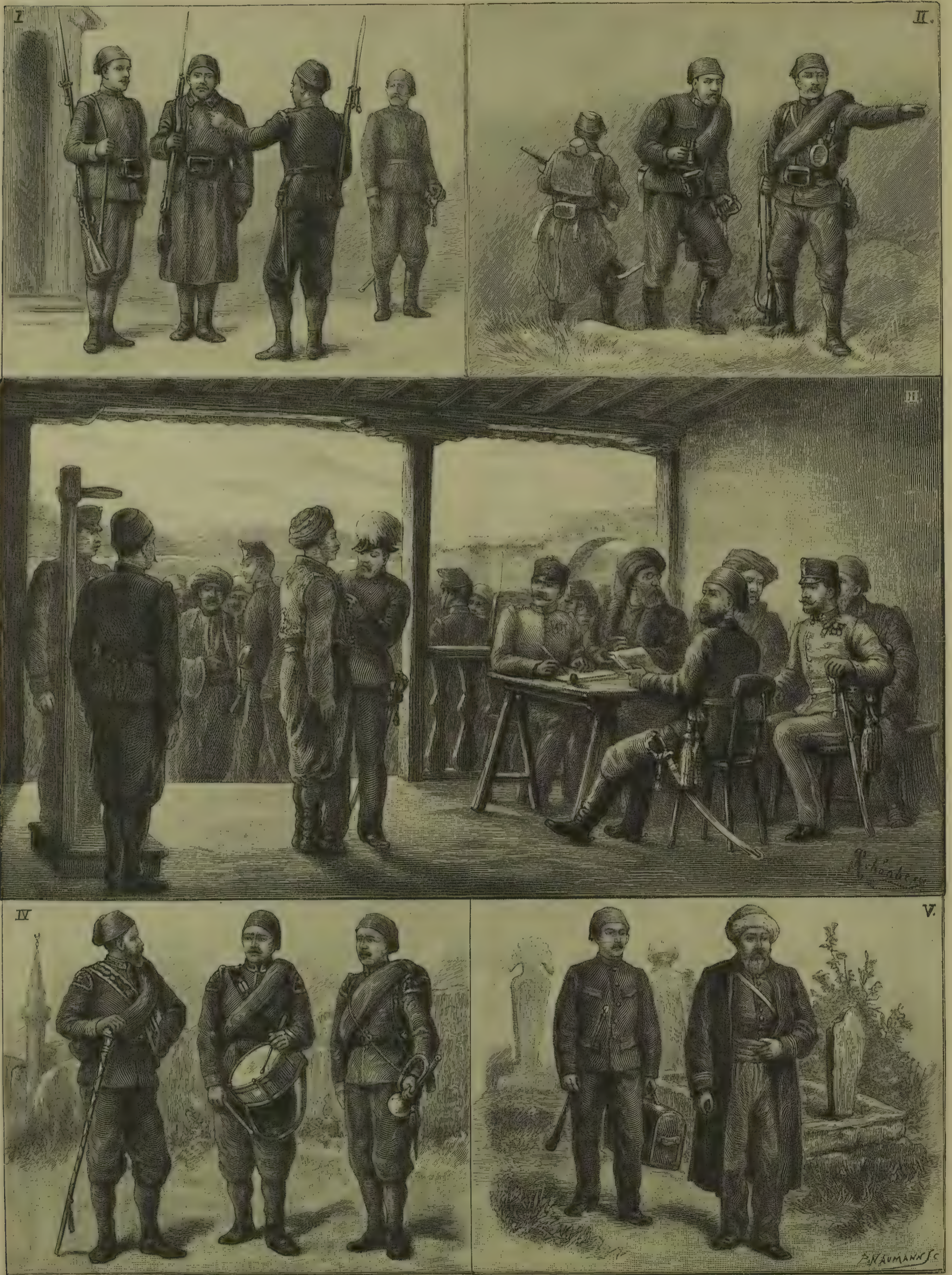
The military forces of the Dual Monarchy of Austro-Hungary have been considerably increased by the effect of the Landsturm law of 1886, which was to provide for the active army a reserve equal to one quarter of its war effectives, to set free fourteen divisions of trained infantry for active work, and to give 250 battalions of trained men for Etappen and other auxiliary services. In fact, the new law has altered and improved Austria's military position to a degree not yet recognised by Europe.

The formations of the Austro-Hungarian Army require 1,800,000 men, or, roughly speaking, a million and a quarter in the first line and half a million in the second line. In order to avoid all doubt, extra effectives are also allowed at the rate of six per cent for war units of the active infantry, ten per cent for the Landwehr, and twenty-five per cent for the Landsturm. This excess of effectives means an additional 210,000 men, and, as there are now over two millions of trained men in the Empire, the war organisation of Austria-Hungary may be taken as complete. By the new law on recruiting the annual contingent has been increased to 125,000 men, while other laws have greatly strengthened the cadres of the second line troops. The Landsturm promises to become a very solid organisation, and may yet be seen actively engaged. It is not improbable that with a few additional improvements the number of army corps will be capable of increase by one half, ample troops remaining for territorial services and garrisons.

The Austro-Hungarian Army, if called upon to take the field, will be in four main groups corresponding to active army, Etappen service, dépôts, and territorial defence. The field army will be composed of men between twenty-one and thirty-four years of age. There will be fourteen army corps, each of two divisions. All Austrian divisions are strong, numbering fifteen battalions, four squadrons, and twenty-four guns, or 18,000 men and 3500 horses. Behind these will stand fourteen divisions of Landwehr infantry, including one division of reserve Landwehr, or at the rate of one division to each army corps; in addition, there are seven divisions of reserve infantry, or one for two army corps; and, lastly, eight divisions of cavalry. These latter give a poor idea of the richness of Austro-Hungary in the cavalry arm, for from all sources the Empire can produce 479 squadrons, with 91,000 men, over 70,000 of these being first line cavalry. The supposed supremacy of Russia in this branch of the service will be seriously contested in case of war. The second category of Austrian troops, the Etappen service, has three divisions of reserve Landwehr, with 170 battalions and 40 squadrons of Landsturm, which might form one Etappen division per army corps. The dépôt troops consist of 205 dépôt battalions and some few battalions of reserve Landwehr. Lastly, as regards territorial defence, the Tyrol and Dalmatia are well secured; three divisions stand in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and 210 territorial Landsturm battalions remain on the home territory, with some dépôts of recruits. Our illustrations show the infantry uniforms of the regiments which are raised on the Croatian frontier, and some incidents of recruiting. It should be remembered that there is a Turkish or Mussulman population in the Bosnian and other provinces of the south-west, now comprised within the Austrian Empire.



THE VICTORIA COFFEE PALACE AND MUSIC HALL, WATERLOO-ROAD, LAMBETH.



1. Infantry soldiers' uniform and overcoat; sergeant
- in full-dress uniform; officer in camp uniform.

2. Officer and infantry soldiers, camp uniform.
3. Recruiting at Bangaluka, Turkish Croatia.

4. Tambour-major, drummer, trumpeter, parade uniform.
5. Imam, or Turkish clergyman, with his Koran-bearer.



STANLEY'S EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION: ENTRY OF EMIN PASHA AND MR. JEPHSON INTO DUFILÉ, ON THE NILE.

FROM A SKETCH BY MR. A. J. MOUNTENEY-JEPHSON.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

We continue publishing our Illustrations of Mr. H. M. Stanley's Expedition through Central Africa, from the Congo to the Nile Lakes, during the years 1887, 1888, and 1889, for the relief of Emin Pasha (Dr. Schnitzer), the beleaguered Governor of the Equatorial Province of the Soudan, who had been left, since the capture of Khartoum and the death of General Gordon, in a perilous situation at Wadelai, on the Nile, below Lake Albert Nyanza. Several officers of the Expedition—Lieutenant W. G. Stairs, R.E., Mr. A. J. Mounteney-Jephson, and Captain R. H. Nelson—furnished the Special Artist of the *Illustrated London News* at Zanzibar with sketches and descriptive notes, which supply ample materials for the Special Number about to be issued, and some others have appeared from week to week in this Journal. Those supplied by Mr. Jephson, as the only European witness of the revolt of Emin Pasha's Arab officers and Soudanese troops at Laboré, Dufilé, and the other Egyptian stations, in August 1888, which delayed the return of Mr. Stanley's Expedition many months, will be considered to have much historical importance. It was towards the middle of July in that year that Mr. Jephson, appointed by Mr. Stanley to accompany Emin Pasha, and to explain to the Egyptian garrisons how it was proposed to arrange for their departure, if they chose to quit the country, having left the camp on Lake Albert Nyanza, with Emin Pasha, who was returning to the Nile stations, first arrived at Dufilé, where they were then received with the customary tokens of respect, as is shown in our Illustration. But a few weeks afterwards, when they had been visiting the northern stations while the mutiny and rebellion began, on their return to Dufilé, the grossest indignities awaited them, followed by a three-months imprisonment, from which they were released in November.

BURNING OF THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

A fire broke out at Toronto University, on the night of Feb. 14, resulting in the almost complete destruction of the building. Two sides of the quadrangle were destroyed, including the splendid Convocation Hall, the museum, the library, with 30,000 volumes, and other apartments. When the fire was at its height, the great bell fell from the tower, crashing through the floors to the ground. The fire was caused by an accident during preparations which were being made for a public reception. The walls were hung with flags and evergreens, and the rooms lighted by petroleum lamps. About seven o'clock a student, who was carrying a tray of lamps from the basement, dropped one of them. Being frightened, he let the tray fall, and an explosion followed. The floor caught fire, the flames spread up the staircase and caught the decorations, and the whole of the interior of the building was soon in a blaze. There was some delay in giving the alarm, and when the firemen arrived the whole of the interior presented the appearance of a vast furnace. The flames, fanned by a strong wind, resisted all efforts to subdue them, and the fire continued to burn fiercely until midnight, when the once stately pile of buildings was a mass of smoking ruins. The spread of the fire was so rapid that there was little chance of saving anything. It is impossible correctly to estimate the total loss, but the building and contents are valued at 1,500,000 dols. The total insurance amounts to only 160,000 dols. Only a few people were in the building when the fire broke out, and all of these escaped.

MARRIAGES.

The marriage of Lord John Kennedy, youngest brother of the Marquis of Ailsa, to Miss Learmonth, daughter of the late Colonel Learmonth, was solemnised on Feb. 12 at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, in the presence of a large and fashionable congregation. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir Archibald Lyons. She wore a dress of plain duchesse satin trimmed with sprays of orange-blossom, and a tulle veil. There were no bridesmaids. Captain Blane, R.A., attended the bridegroom as best man.

St. Margaret's, Westminster, was thronged with a large and fashionable gathering on Feb. 12 to witness the marriage of Mr. Slingsby Bethell, son of the Hon. Slingsby Bethell, C.B., and grandson of the late Lord Westbury, to Miss Sophia Alexander, daughter of the late Captain Alexander, C.B. The bride was given away by her uncle, Sir Claude Alexander; and she was followed to the altar by two bridesmaids, her sisters, the Misses Evelyn and Sybil Alexander. The bridegroom was attended by his brother, Mr. Guy Bethell, as best man.

LORD BRASSEY ON BRITISH AND FOREIGN LABOUR.

Lord Brassey discoursed, on Feb. 15, at the Whitechapel Centre of the University Extension on "The Relative Efficiency of British and Foreign Labour." The Rev. S. A. Barnett, M.A., occupied the chair. Lord Brassey said that when he took up this question some twenty years ago he had the advantage of the counsel of his father, who was perhaps the largest employer of labour in his day, having a staff of employés numbering nearly 70,000, including men of every nationality. When his father was engaged in making the first railway in France, in the forest of St-Germain, fifteen different nationalities were at work side by side, thus affording a unique opportunity of testing the relative efficiency of the different races. He had since studied the "statistical abstract" published by the Board of Trade, and had thus ascertained that in so far as the industrial efficiency of the British workman could be measured by the test of the amount of exported manufactured goods it would be found that he showed a conspicuous superiority over his French competitor. Let them take, for instance, the cotton and linen industries and machinery. What we wished to see was an increase in the export trade, not so much in raw material, but in those articles upon which the greatest amount of the labour of our industrial classes had been bestowed. In the competition of taste and design we had to acknowledge the superiority of the French. Extending the comparison to Germany and Belgium, the efficiency of British labour was still further noticeable. The Englishman stood supreme for industry, for thoroughness in work, for courage and independence of character. In addition to these qualities, the Englishman had a supreme advantage over the foreign competitor in matters in which good judgment and common-sense were involved. He held that the organisation of labour in trades unions was altogether for the mutual advantage of the employer and employé.

Henley Regatta has been fixed for July 8, 9, and 10.

Representative Rugby teams of England and Wales met at Dewsbury on Feb. 15 under conditions which militated against a display of good football. Wales proved the victors by a try to nil. Among other fixtures four games in the third round of the Association Challenge Cup competition were decided. In consequence of bad weather various matches were abandoned.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W M Y (Worthing).—Black has another alternative in No. 2386, which you have overlooked. The answer to 1. B takes P is P takes P, and no mate follows.
W R B.—We are pleased to comply with your request.
R J M (Hon Sec Monument Chess Club).—We have no space to report the results of any but first-class matches, unless particular interest attaches to a minor performance, as in cup ties. We are, nevertheless, much obliged for the information.
R M LATHOM (Wandsworth).—Both your problems are too mechanical; they lack that undefinable quality called point, which is the first essential of a publishing position.
K GRAY (Worthing).—Mr. Meyer's problem cannot be solved as you propose. Black has several good replies at his command.
H F L MYER.—Corrected version to hand. It is now quite sound, and we regard it as a clever composition.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2386 received from Dr. A R V Sastry (Mysore), W E Lane (Cape Colony), and C W von Alfen (New York); of No. 2389 from G M A B, D A (Dublin), Mosh Nish, and W Kaye; of No. 2390 from E A Cameron (Ben Rhydding) and D A (Dublin); of (No. 2391 from James Leith, T H G (Lostwithiel), Monty, Mosh Nish, F Zager, J C Ireland, W H Hayton, J D Tucker (Leeds), C H Wheelodon, Trail, Herbert Chown, D A (Dublin), Ph L (Hanover), and Dr Waltz (Heidelberg).
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2392 received from G J Veale, Columbus, Alpha, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), L De-sanges, R Winters (Canterbury), W Biddle, R H Brooks, Thomas Chown, W R Baileu, Shadforth, D McCoy (Galway), F G Rowland (Shrewsbury), Martin F, Jupiter Junior, Dawn, R F N Banks, N Harris, Julia Short (Exeter), T G (Ware), E Loudon, S Kidley, W H Henvey, J D Tucker (Leeds), R K Leather, J de H Larpent, D A (Dublin), Ph L, and Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg).

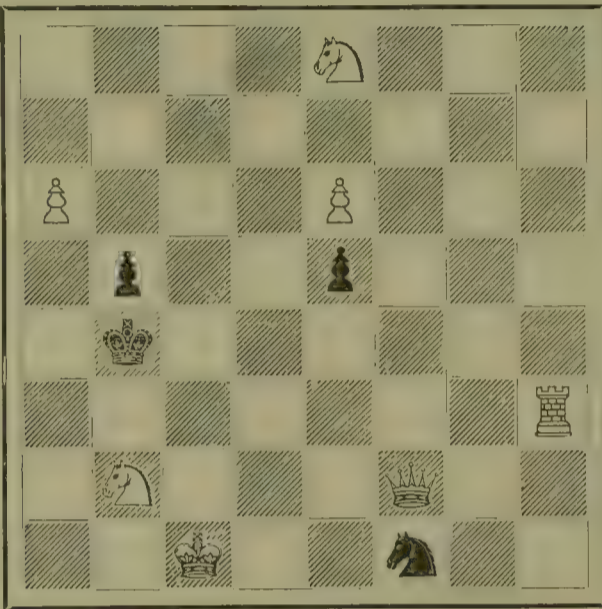
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2390.—By J. PIERCE, M.A.

WHITE.
1. R takes P
2. Kt takes P
3. B mates.
BLACK.
K to K 5th
K moves
If Black play 1. P to B 5th, then 2. R to Kt 4th, and 3. R mates.

PROBLEM No. 2394.

By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played between the Rev. G. McDONNELL and M. A. B. (Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. McD.) BLACK (M. A. B.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to B 3rd B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th P takes P
7. Castles P takes P
8. Q to Kt 3rd Q to B 3rd
9. P to K 5th Q to Kt 3rd
10. Kt takes P K Kt to K 2nd
11. B to R 3rd Castles
12. Q R to Q sq P to Kt 4th
13. B to Q 3rd Q to K 3rd
The Queen has not much choice, but R 4th seems a better square to fill than this—
14. B takes P (ch)
The master hand is plainly visible in White's opening.
15. Kt to Q 5th K to R sq
16. Kt to K Kt 5th R to K sq
17. Kt takes Kt Q to Kt 5th
Q takes Kt would have given Black an easier game.
WHITE (Mr. McD.) BLACK (M. A. B.)
18. B to K 4th Q takes Kt
There seems to be nothing else. White threatens Kt takes B P (ch) K moves, Kt to R 6th (dis ch), winning the Q.
19. P to B 4th Q to R 3rd
20. B takes R P to Q B 3rd
21. Q takes B P Q to Kt 3rd
22. Q to Kt 3rd B to R 3rd
23. B takes Kt R takes Q B
24. R to K B 3rd
Leading up to the winning combination.
25. K to R sq B to Kt 3rd (ch)
26. R to R 3rd (ch) Q to K 3rd
27. Q to B 2nd P to Kt 3rd
28. R to Kt 3rd R to Kt 2nd
29. R to Q 6th Q to K B 4th
30. Q takes Q
This pretty game is played throughout in fine style by White.
31. R takes R (ch) P takes Q
32. R takes P (ch) K takes R
Resigns.

CHESS IN DUBLIN.

Game played at Clontarf between Mr. J. J. JONES, B.A., and Miss M. RUDGE. (Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Miss R.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Q R 3rd
4. B to R 4th Kt to B 3rd
5. Castles P to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th P to Q Kt 4th
7. B to Kt 3rd B to Kt 5th
8. P to B 3rd B to K 2nd
P to Kt 3rd followed by B to Kt 2nd is more correct, leaving K 2nd open for the Q Kt.
9. P to Q 5th Kt to Q R 4th
10. B to B 2nd Castles
11. Q to Q 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
12. B to K 3rd Q Kt to Kt 2nd
Deliberately putting the Kt out of play for the rest of the game; Kt to B 5th was the natural move, and a good one too.
13. P to Q Kt 4th P to K B 4th
14. Kt to K sq P takes P
P to B 5th would have given White a cramped game for some time to come.
15. Q to Q 2nd B to B 4th
16. P to K B 4th P takes P (en passant)
17. Kt takes P Kt to Kt 3rd
WHITE (Mr. J.) BLACK (Miss R.)
Utterly useless; one inactive Kt on the Queen's side is more than enough. B takes B was palpably the game.
18. B to Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
19. Kt to Q R 3rd Q to K sq
20. B to Kt 5th B takes B
21. Kt takes B Q to Kt 3rd
22. P to B 4th P takes P
23. Q Kt takes P K to R sq
Q R to B sq should have been played, and if Kt to K 6th, R to B 3rd, &c.
24. Kt to K 6th B takes Kt
25. P takes B Kt to B 3rd
26. Kt to K 3rd Q to K sq
27. Kt to B 5th R to Q B sq
28. Q to Kt 5th Q to Kt 3rd
29. P to K R 4th R to Kt Kt sq
The object of this move is difficult to see, but Black has not done herself justice in any part of the game.
30. P to K 7th Q R to K sq
31. Q takes Q P takes Q
32. Kt to R 6th P takes Kt
33. R takes Kt R takes P
34. P to R 5th R to Q sq
35. P takes P P to B 3rd
36. Q R to K B sq R (Q sq) to Q 2nd
37. R to B 8th (ch) K to Kt 2nd
38. R to Kt 8th (mate).

A new club has been formed by the chessplayers frequenting the Cyprus Restaurant, 1 and 2, Cheapside. The club will meet on Friday evenings.

The General Steam Navigation Company's steamer Penguin was burned in the North Sea while on a voyage from Harwich to Hamburg. The passengers and crew were rescued, but have lost all their effects.

"The Windsor Peerage for 1890" (Chatto and Windus) has the merit of being the compactest and handiest work of its kind. The Editor, Mr. Edward Walford, M.A., author of "The County Families of the United Kingdom," is entitled to great credit for compressing into one handsome volume not only the Peerage and Baronetage, but also the Knightage of the United Kingdom. It is a noteworthy advantage that "The Windsor Peerage" is corrected to the end of the year 1889.

AMERICA REVISITED
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE CYRUS W. FIELD BUILDING AND THE ELEVATED RAILROAD, NEW YORK.

The old city and the new come into remarkable contrast "down town" in New York. The line is not, of course, so sharply drawn as it is in the suburban fringes of the great town beyond Seventieth-street, an example of which we shall present in future illustrations. Shanty Town, in the upper regions of the city, may be said to belong to that No Man's Land with which the squatter endows his posterity. But "down town," in New York, the land may be said to have been almost owned and settled from the day when the English took New Amsterdam from the Dutch, and laid in the foundations of the present wonderful city of New York. A great fire in 1845 destroyed a large portion of this business part of the city, involving a loss of something like eighteen million dollars. "Down town," New York is changed by the erection of magnificent commercial buildings which overshadow the shops, houses, and stores that belong to early history. To an Englishman on his first visit the marvellous rebuilding of New York represents a continual surprise, not so much in regard to the solid palatial character of its architecture as for the manner in which its new piles of brick and stone rise, in tower and turret, up into the sky. The height of the proposed sets of chambers at Kensington, in London, which the authorities forbade, is excelled in scores of buildings that dominate the four- or five-storey houses which were considered to be ample before fashionable people of old New York were driven from their picturesque quarters at the Bowling-green, and at Broadway, Bond-street, Blinker-street, and Washington-square successively, to that higher ground now occupied by the stately brown stone and marble palaces of the merchant, banker, and capitalist of these latter days. The fourteen-storey high building in our picture, generally known as the Washington Building, although frequently called the Cyrus W. Field, because Mr. Field built it, is devoted to purely business purposes, being chiefly occupied as brokers' and land and railway offices. The tendency of all buildings in New York is heavenward; hotels, stores, banks, residential chambers, all seeking in their vast elevations to make up for the limited area which Manhattan affords for the extension of the Empire City. The effect of this is, however, not altogether exhilarating, although, on returning to London after a stay of any time in New York, you are struck by comparison with the smaller dimensions of the streets and the buildings. Although London is far better paved than New York, it seems dirtier; but this is partly owing to our leaden skies and the tremendous traffic of the streets. The "elevator," or "lift," is an absolute necessity in New York. No public establishment is without this convenience. It is part of the organisation of all public stores. Ladies shopping are conveyed from floor to floor in the great drapery and jewellery shops by lift. At the chief photographic studios you are received by an attendant in the elevator. There are several good "lift" stories current. A countryman on his first visit to New York entered the elevator at the Field building. On being reminded that the highest floor had been reached and the descent was now to be made, he innocently remarked that he wanted to go to Twenty-first-street. The stout lay representative of a certain fashionable church, having to climb to a tenth story, the elevator being under repair, knocked at the first door he saw, and asked if St. Peter was at home. As a rule, the elevators are handsomely decorated. They are luxurious travelling cars, more especially those on service at the hotels and fashionable stores.

The introduction of the Elevated Railroad is very characteristic of American life. In the first place, it is an outrage upon the rights of private property, which seems likely to be perpetuated without compensation. The story would amaze the Englishman who has had experience of the responsibilities which the law fixes upon public bodies and railway companies on our side of the Atlantic. In the next place, the beginning of this undoubtedly useful feature of city transit demonstrates the more or less reckless principle which underlies the busy, enterprising life of the New World. The rule in America is restlessness: the opposite obtains in England. The old country is, therefore, peculiarly attractive to many persons who have lived their lives in America and want rest. The intensity of life in the States, for example, is especially apparent in Chicago: all the town seems to be perpetually on the rush. There is a drawbridge that crosses one of the chief thoroughfares; the traffic is detained while it opens and shuts; scores of men leap from the cars and try to get over while the bridge is moving; not that they really facilitate their progress, for they have eventually to wait for the cars to cross, but they must get on. It is as if some demon of motion was behind everybody in Chicago, there is such a general onward stampede in the Prairie City. The same spirit was singularly illustrated in the history of the elevated railroad in New York. It began on Ninth-avenue. On the second day of its opening the great question was its safety. No locomotives were put upon it to begin with, for fear that it was not strong enough to bear, with the train of cars, this additional weight. Nevertheless, this tremendous danger staring them in the face, within a few days the cars were crowded, as they are in our Illustration, the ladies seated, the men standing and holding on by the straps and along the centre of each carriage. The elevated railways, of which there are now thirty or forty miles running along some of the principal avenues of New York, are erected upon a line of columns on each side of the street-car roads, and connected at the top by open elliptic arch girders. The long and narrow conformation of the city renders comparatively few lines necessary, and obviates in a great measure the dangers and difficulties which might arise from frequent junctions and road-crossings. The Metropolitan Company, running through Sixth Avenue, is the most ornamental and the best equipped of the lines yet constructed. The stations are of the Swiss chalet order. The tracks are laid upon a firm road-bed, composed of piers and girders, forming a species of arcade above the tracks of the horse railroads; and the cars are both luxurious and artistic in construction and design. New York has had a similar experience to London in regard to this remarkable development of the facilities of street travel. While the underground road in London seems to have done little or nothing to relieve the traffic of the streets, in spite of the enormous number of passengers which it carries, the elevated roads of New York, crowded as they are almost night and day, seem neither to have reduced the number of passengers in the road-cars and omnibuses, nor the pedestrians in the streets. The numerous picturesque stations on the elevated lines are the only railway depôts at all vie with the English stations in the matter of bookstalls and newspaper stands. On the great railways of the States there are often no platforms. On arrival you alight upon the track itself, the dépot being devoted solely to the purposes of the line, and having none of those pleasant attractions of books, newspapers, and refreshment bars which make an English railway-station more or less tolerable.—JOSEPH HATTON.



THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Milliners' windows have a way of blooming too early, and trying to bring on the seasons before date. Here we have yet to get through the two months in which the east wind prevails on most days, and cuts cruelly through all but the thickest clothing; yet the milliners have already filled their windows with spring bonnets! They are all betrimmed with the usual flowers that bloom in the spring, which are curiously all either white, yellow, or violet, the richer tints of red, blue, orange, purple, and even pink, needing to be called to life by the sun's warm kiss. This spring-like trimming, however, is a small part only of the newness of the bonnets. They actually are almost all either completely crownless, or have simulated crowns only, formed of a fold or two of lace, interwoven strips of ribbon velvet, or a spray of flowers, just enough to partially conceal the hair, but not sufficient to afford the slightest protection to the head. Now, is it not silly to produce these summer-like structures yet? It must be many weeks before anything of the kind can be safely worn, and what is the use of discounting our interest in the future in that way?

We know already—it is not left to be revealed to us later on—that our spring hats are to be extremely wide, but bent-brimmed; while bonnets are to be very small, consisting mainly of a wreath to go round the hair—a wreath of flowers generally, but velvet or lace in part very often; that the trimming is not to be high, though a little more important than has been the case in the winter; and that toques and bonnets composed of flowers alone, or of sprays supported only by a jet coronet at either side of the flowery crown, are to be worn. We shall have time to get tired of the ideas before we are able to put on such headgear, if we have due regard to the main object of wearing anything on our heads at all—protection. Apparently, a good many women think that the object in view is decoration—and, no doubt, a becoming bonnet is a great help in that respect; but protection comes first.

It is a great mistake to discount any pleasure—to take it before its proper season. It is never so good as it would have been if deferred to its legitimate time, and when that time comes, and the new interest is wanted, it is no longer available. New clothes are undoubtedly a pleasure to which this applies. Does there not come a time when the long, dingy, trying winter has grown almost unbearable, and the dark heavy clothing that has been worn all through it, and has grown darker still with the mud of the country or the mire and grime of the city, seems so associated with the weary

winter that one positively longs for some new things? A variety in the wardrobe is the main novelty and change that life allows to many women, and in its season is very precious. But really the milliners should not be encouraged in trying to force on the seasons for that variety as they now do.

Happily, mantles and gowns are not rushed out so early. It is not possible yet to give details about what spring dresses are to be like, beyond that they will clearly have very close-fitting narrow skirts, and bodices draped and ornamented to excess. Directoire and Empire styles have both had their day; but if you have a Directoire polonaise in good material it is not difficult to alter it into the close-fitting, narrow, little-draped style of skirt that will be worn. Front panels are quite admissible, and the edges of the Directoire coat may be fastened down over a gored front breadth, leaving the sides plain, and will look all right. Redingote polonaises in this style are not, indeed, too old-fashioned to wear as they are, but certainly an improvement may be made by cutting the bodice and skirt of the coat apart, arranging the latter on the foundation lining separately, and piping the edges of the latter, then concealing the junction and the little bit of lining by a sash arranged round the hips, falling at the left side or the back as may look best, and finished off at the bottom with deep fringe or passementerie.

What are known as "shadow" dresses are having great popularity for girls' dancing frocks. They are made simply of two layers of tulle or Russian net of different colours put over a nice lining. The lighter tint is laid above the darker one, which of course shows through to some extent, and in some lights and through some folds more than others, justifying the name of "shadow." Pale yellow is placed over deep pink, light pink over dark brown, or a certain delicate blue over a certain olive green. A plain full skirt, with many folds at the back, but no looped draping, is the usual style of making these dancing frocks. A folded bodice is most suitable—draped from either shoulder to the waist—made of the same two materials, with a silk or satin sash of the deeper colour round the waist, the ends falling at the side of the skirt. A "V" effect is given to the cut of the top of all girls' low bodices. The square and the round top are equally seldom seen, except when the Empire high waist is adopted; that, of course, has the bodice cut round—that is, equally low over shoulders, chest, and back.

There was a large attendance of fashionable ladies at the meeting called at Princes' Hall by the Women's Trades Association, to consider the position of working-women. I have

very little faith in any good to the class talked about coming from such meetings, though doubtless some women may be benefited. The roots of the trouble of underpaid female labour are far too deep to be taken away by any spasmodic or even sustained organised effort on the part of the wealthy to help working women to form unions and to ask for more payment. As long as there are so many women labourers of a low order of industrial capacity, so long poverty must be the lot of a considerable proportion. To try to teach fathers and mothers among the poor to think more of the responsibilities of their parental undertakings; to help to educate the girls of the slums for useful and skilled employments, and especially to train them for domestic service; to assist emigration; and various other slow but sure schemes for raising and aiding the least fortunate that I have from time to time urged here, is to seek out and begin to remedy the root-causes of poverty. But "unions" are of no use for unskilled labour.

Any bread is better than none, and no casual aid from outside can prevent the feeblest in mind and body and the least skilled of the workers from contending with one another for the bread of starvation, while they leave more skilled and laborious tasks, such as domestic service, shorthanded, though well paid. The only remedy is to improve the individuals of the class; but this is too slow a business to suit impulsive and showy philanthropy. However, it is so far good that rich women, lapped in luxury, should be made to remember the hard, cruel lot of their poorer sisters; to feel for it, to wish to amend it, to recognise that it should make them grieve. This is the first step. The second—how to be charitable wisely—is one to press upon them afterwards.

Meanwhile, the proposed "unions" and central hall, with newspapers, and other benefits that the Committee of the Women's Trades Association will try to provide, will be of use to some women, though not to the very lowest class of female workers for whose woes the aid was originally intended by the donors; just as the dockers' strike helped, not the wretched crowd of casual labourers whose condition drew the sympathy from the public, but the comparatively well-off class of regular dock labourers. But even the somewhat superior class who do benefit by such efforts have poor, grey, dull lives, and anything done to give them a little brightness, courage, and strength in their work is well done. So let money be given to the Bishop of Bedford's association, by all means. It may not help those about whom the speakers talked, but it will be well spared for those it does reach from the superabundant luxuries and selfish indulgences of rich and idle ladies.

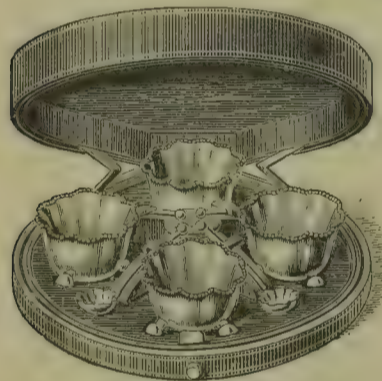
FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

THE MANUFACTURING

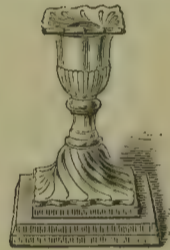
GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY

Show-Rooms: 112, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company)

Supply the Public direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



Four Solid Silver Salt Cellars and Spoons, in case, price 50s.



4 1/2 in. high. Best Electro, £1 12s. Solid Silver, £5 5s.



Queen Anne Tea Service, full size. Best Electro, £8 10s. Solid Silver, £20.



4 1/2 in. high. Best Electro, 28s. Solid Silver, 95s.



Six Solid Silver Teaspoons and Tongs, in case, 50s.

The LARGEST and FINEST STOCK IN LONDON of Solid Silver and Electro Plate. ALL NEW & ORIGINAL DESIGNS. PLAIN FIGURES. CASH PRICES.



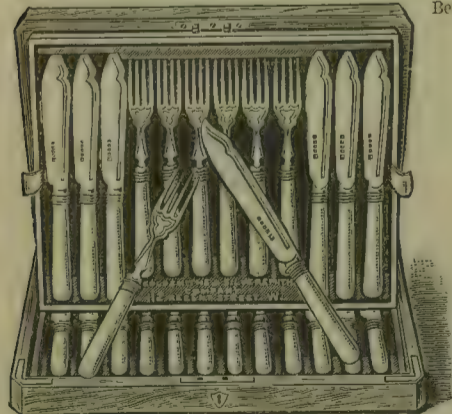
Best Electro Grape Dish. Price 30s.

AWARDED Eight Gold and Prize Medals and the Cross of the Legion of Honour; also the ONLY GOLD MEDAL at the Paris Exhibition.



Best Electro Grape Dish. Price 40s.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE Post Free to all Parts. GOODS FORWARDED to the Country on approval.



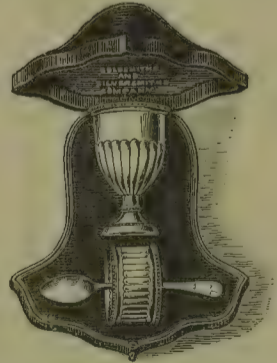
12 Best Electro Fish Knives and Forks, Fine Ivory Handles, in oak case. Price 95s.; extra thick Ivory, 120s.



Finest quality Striking Carriage Clock. Price £5.



Best Electro Candle Shade for Dinner Table. Price 60s.



Solid Silver Egg Cup, Spoon, and Ring, in case. Price 60s.



Solid Silver Shell Border Waiter. 6 in., 65s.; 7 in., 80s.; 8 in., 105s.; 10 in., 170s.

GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY, 112, REGENT STREET, W.

Manufactory: CLERKENWELL.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off. Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR. Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour. Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen. Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

FLORILINE FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World. Prevents the decay of the TEETH. Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE. Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste. Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. 2s. 6d. per Bottle.

FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Greatly facilitates the process of Teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation; will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, Mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

RELIEF & HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

Sold by all Chemists, at 1s. 1 1/2d. per Bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Cure Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, and Influenza. Cure any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat. Relieve the Hacking Cough in Consumption. Relieve Bronchitis, Asthma, and Catarrh. Clear and give strength to the voice of SINGERS. And are indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

Of all Chemists and Patent Medicine Vendors, 1s. 1 1/2d. per Box.

NOTICE.

See that the words "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are on the Government Stamp round each Box, without which none are genuine.



UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY'S TEAS.

USED ALL OVER THE WORLD!

NOTHING LIKE THEM ANYWHERE!!!

1/3, 1/6, 1/9, & 2/- a lb.

First Hand, Direct from the Mincing Lane Market.

Supplied to the Members' Refreshment Rooms of the Houses of Parliament.

7, 10, 14, and 20 lbs. packed in Canisters without extra charge.

Delivered to any Address Carriage Paid.

STANLEY: "Well, Emin, old fellow, this cup of the United Kingdom Tea Company's Delicious Tea makes us forget all our troubles."

EMIN: "So it does, my boy."

UNITED KINGDOM TEA COMPANY, LIMITED.

Offices: 21, Mincing-lane, London. Duty-paid Stores: Imperial Warehouse, Leman-street, London.

BENSON'S BOND ST. NOVELTIES, 25, OLD BOND ST., W.

Kindly mention Reference when requesting Goods on approval.

LUCKY MOONSTONE JEWELRY, ORIGINATED BY

J.W. Benson



Moonstones and Diamonds, £10.

Lucky Moonstone

and Diamonds, £5.



Lucky Moonstone and Brilliants, £13 13s.



Diamond and Moonstone Links, £25.

BRACELET WATCHES.

A Magnificent Selection, from £10 to £100.



Gold Keyless Watch Chain Bracelet, £15. With Circle of Diamonds, £25.

New Illustrated Catalogue of Novelties post free.

NOTICE.

J. W. BENSON, having bought large quantities of Diamonds before the commencement of the recent rise, is enabled to supply his clients with Diamond Jewelry at the original prices before the advance.



Moonstone Cherubs { Gold Wings, £8, 8s. Diamond Wings, £21.



Moonstone and Brilliant Brooch, £18.



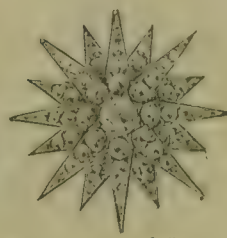
Lucky Moonstone, Brilliants, £18.



Moonstone Brilliant Crescent, £18.



Moonstone Heart, Brilliants, £21.



£25.



Special Value, £10.

BRILLIANT CRESCENTS AND STARS, from £15 to £200.

Silver Cases. BENSON'S "BANK." Silver Cases.

BENSON'S WATCHES,

Guaranteed for Strength, Accuracy, Durability, and Value.

BENSON'S LADY'S KEYLESS LEVER WATCH,

Is fitted with a 3-Plate LEVER Movement, Compound Balance, Jewelled throughout, and Strong KEYLESS Action.

The Cases are of 18-Carat Gold, Strong, and Well Made, either Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, Richly Engraved all over, or Plain Polished, with Monogram Engraved Free.

PRICE £10.

Or in Silver Cases, £5.

Lady's Gold Albert Chains to Match, from £1 15s.

All the Watches shown here sent Free and Safe, at our risk, to all parts of the World, on receipt of Draft, Cash, or Post Office Order, payable at General Post Office.

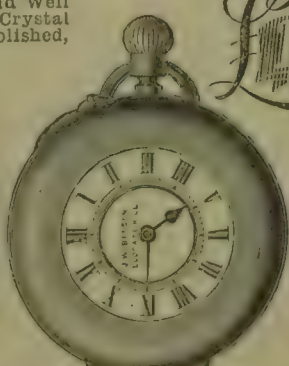
For further Particulars see Benson's ILLUSTRATED BOOK, containing nearly 200 pages of Illustrations of Watches from £2 2s. to £500, Jewellery, Clocks, Presentation and Domestic Plates. The Largest and most Complete Catalogue published. Free on Application to THE STEAM FACTORY-

J. W. BENSON, 62 & 64, LUDGATE-HILL, E.C.; and at 28, ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C.; & 25, OLD BOND-STREET, W.

Silver Cases. BENSON'S "FIELD." Gold Cases.



SILVER KEYLESS ENGLISH LEVER WATCH, THREE-QUARTER PLATE MOVEMENT, Compensation Balance, Jewelled in Rubies, in Strong, Sterling Silver, Crystal Glass Cases, £5.



ENGLISH LEVER HALF-CHRONOMETER.

Best London Make, for Rough Wear, with Breguet Spring Top, and in which with an Engraved Case, Spring adapted for Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass, from £100 to £200. In Hunting, Half-Hunting, or Crystal Glass Cases, 18 carat Gold, £25; or Silver, £15.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1889), with two codicils (dated April 15 and May 20 following), of Mr. Benjamin Ashton, J.P., late of Pole Bank, Gee Cross, Cheshire, who died on Dec. 26 last, was proved on Feb. 7 by Frederic Burchardt, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £222,000. The testator gives his two freehold cotton-mills at Apethorne, and his freehold cotton- and floor-cloth-mills at Woodley and Trianon, Cheshire, with all the plant, machinery, stock-in-trade, goodwill, and book debts, to his nephews, Frederic and Godfrey Burchardt; and £2000 to his grandson, John Pender. His freehold mansion-house, Pole Bank, and all the residue of his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties, he gives to his said two nephews during their joint lives, and to the survivor for his life; and on the death of the survivor he settles the same on the sons of his nephew Frederic, successively according to seniority in tail male. All his furniture, sculpture, pictures, plate, books, wines, effects, horses, carriages, live and dead stock, he bequeaths to the persons who shall, at his death, become tenants for life of his settled estate. The residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £4000 per annum to the tenant, for life, of his settled estate, and to accumulate the remainder of the income for twenty-one years, when the whole trust fund is to be dealt with as capital arising under the Settled Land Act of 1882.

The will (dated Dec. 9, 1886) of Mr. Frederic Walker, late of Arnos Grove, Southgate, Middlesex, who died on Dec. 20 last, was proved on Feb. 12 by Vyel Edward Walker, Russell Donnithorne Walker, and Isaac Donnithorne Walker, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £200,000. The testator leaves the Arnos Grove estate

and all other his lands and hereditaments at Southgate or elsewhere in Middlesex and Herts, all his live and dead stock, furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at Arnos Grove, and his shares in the New River Company, to his brother Vyel Edward; £10,000 each to his said three brothers, and to his sisters, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Rashleigh, Mrs. Bradshaw, and Mrs. Luck; £2000 to his nephew Richard Bradshaw, and £1000 to each of his other nephews and to each of his nieces; £1000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of Christchurch, Southgate, upon trust, to apply the dividends in the relief of sickness and distress among the poorer inhabitants of Old Southgate; and one or two other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said brother Vyel Edward Walker.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1884), with a codicil (dated June 6, 1888), of Mr. Alfred Leaf, late of Leaf-square, Pendleton, in the borough of Salford, solicitor, who died on Dec. 30 last, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Jan. 20 by Walter Leaf, the brother, Robert Ellis Grundy, and Alfred Ellis Leaf, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £77,000. The testator bequeaths the writing-desk or escritoire given to him by his late father and £1000 to his son Alfred Ellis; £200 to each of his executors Mr. W. Leaf and Mr. R. E. Grundy; and the family pictures, engravings, and miniatures to his son who shall first attain twenty-one. He devises all his messuages, tenements, and hereditaments within Pendleton, in the parish of Eccles, to his two sons Alfred Ellis and Walter Arthur Cunliffe. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of Edinburgh, of the holograph trust disposition and settlement (dated April 11, 1885) of Mr. Edward Caird of

Finnart, and 15, Belgrave-crescent, Edinburgh, who died on Dec. 15 last, granted to James Key Caird, Edward Bonar Caird, James Mudie, William Rennie Watson, and John Ritchie Miller, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £58,000.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1882) of Mr. Edward Robson Jones, late of No. 48, Russell-square, who died on Jan. 19, was proved on Feb. 10 by Edmund Lloyd Birkett, M.D., Joseph Dockerill, and Edward Daniel Mellor, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator bequeaths £500 each to the Medical Benevolent Institution, for the relief of widows and orphans of medical men; the United Law Clerks' Society, for the casual fund; the Asylum for Idiots (Earlwood), the London Orphan Asylum (Watford), the Governesses' Benevolent Institution, and the Royal Literary Fund; £200 each to the Marine Society (Bishopsgate), the Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society (Brixton), the Soldiers' Daughters' Home (Hampstead), the London Hospital, the Newport Market Refuge, the Corporation for the Orphans of Clergymen, for the Girls' School at St. John's Wood, and the British and Foreign Bible Society; £1600, upon trust, for Mildred Heydon Anne Birkett, for life, and then for the Governesses' Benevolent Institution; and numerous legacies to relatives, friends, and others. If there is any surplus of that part of his property which may be applied for charitable purposes, his trustees are to divide it between six charitable institutions, as they may select, having a clergyman of the Church of England as chaplain.

The will (dated June 24, 1888) of the late Peter Stuart, J.P., of Elm House, Seaforth, Liverpool, who died Sept. 21, 1888, has just been proved in the local registry by Messrs.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S NEW DINNER SERVICES.



Richly engraved Revolving Soup Dish, fitted with loose Dishes and Drainers. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Mounts to heavily Cut Glass Claret Jug. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Dish Cover. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Vegetable Dish, with Drainer, Divisions, and Hot Water Compartment, Ivory Handle. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Sauce Boat. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Biscuit Box. Double Opening, with Pierced Partitions. Best Electro-Silver.



Richly engraved Side Dish. Best Electro-Silver.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S PRINCES PLATE,

REGISTERED.

UNEQUALLED FOR HARD WARE. HEAVIEST POSSIBLE PLATING.

18 to 22, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C., & 158 to 162, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

MANUFACTORY: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

HOW TO AVOID THE INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF STIMULANTS.



avoided by those who keep and use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"; therefore no family should ever be without it.

CAUTION. Examine each bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless and occasionally poisonous imitation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

PREPARED ONLY AT

ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

STIMULATES AND NOURISHES

Without leaving any

Injurious Effect on the Nervous System.

IT IS A PERFECT BEVERAGE.

CHEAP, CHEERING, AND SUSTAINING.

NEW MUSIC.

CHAPPELL and CO'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just published.

THE GONDOLIERS. New Opera by W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Now being Performed with great success at the Savoy Theatre.

VOCAL SCORE	3s. 6d.
PIANOFORTE SOLO	3s. 6d.
LIBRETTO	1s. 6d.
WALTZ, LANCERS, QUADRILLE, and POLKA, by Bucalossi	4s.
PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT, by W. Smallwood, Boyton Smith, and W. Kube	4s.
SELECTION (as played by all the Military Bands), by Charles Godfrey Jun.	4s.
SELECTION for VIOLIN and PIANOFORTE, by H. Farmer	5s.

TOSTI'S NEW SONGS.

TELL ME TO STAY. In C, E flat, and F. Sung with enormous success by Mr. Burward Lely, Mr. Charles Wade, Mr. Hirwen Jones, &c.

WINGED ECHOES. In C. D flat, and F. Sung by Miss Grace Damiani with great success.

NEW IRISH BALLAD by Villiers Stanford.

OULD DOCTOR MACK. In D and F. Words by Alfred D. Graves. Music arranged by C. VILLIERS STANFORD. Sung by Mr. Plunket Greene.

NEW DANCE MUSIC.

VENETIAN SONG WALTZ. P. Bucalossi. On Tosti's most popular Song. Beautifully illustrated in colours.

THEODORA WALTZ. P. Bucalossi.

BARBARA POLKA. P. Bucalossi.

WINIFRED WALTZ. Norfolk Megone. Price 2s. each net.

CHAPPELL and CO'S IRON-FRAMED PIANOFORTES for SALE, HIRE, or on the INSTALLMENT SYSTEM.

STUDENTS' PIANOFORTES	From 16 guineas.
YACHT PIANOS (Folding Keyboards)	" 25 "
COTTAGE PIANOFORTES	" 31 "
OBLIQUE AND OVERSTRUNG PIANOS	" 35 "
UPRIGHT GRANDS	" 50 "
HORIZONTAL GRANDS	" 59 "

PIANOFORTES for SALE or HIRE, by Bechstein, Broadwood, Collard, and Broad.

ALEXANDRE ORGAN HARMONIUMS. From 6 to 150 guineas.

CLOUGH and WARREN'S CELEBRATED COMBINATION AMERICAN ORGANS. From 6 to 250 guineas.

50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry.

THE CHOROLISTHA.—The new Round Dance. Invented by EDWARD SCOTT. The Music of this successful novelty, with full description of the Dance by the Author, is now published. 2s. 6d. net. FRANCIS, DAY, and HUNTER, 105, Oxford-street, W.

SMALLWOOD'S PIANOFORTE TUTOR. Smallwood's Tutor is the Best of all. Smallwood's Tutor is the Best of all. Smallwood's Tutor is the Best of all. 2s. 6d. net.—FRANCIS, DAY, and HUNTER, 105, Oxford-street, W.

SULLIVAN'S "GONDOLIERS." Enormous Saving by Ordering Copies direct from W. PHILLIPS. LONDON POSTAL MUSIC STORES, Putney.

JOHN BRINSMEAD and SONS' PATENT SOSTENENTE PIANOFORTES are for Sale, for Hire, and on the Three-Years' System. The Perfection of Touch, Tone, and Durability. 18, 20, and 22, Wigmore-street, London, W.

Founded, 1838; Rebuilt, 1887.

MOORE and MOORE.—Pianos from 16½ gs. to 104 gs. Organs from 7 gs. to 80 gs. Three-Years' System. From 10s. 6d. per Month, or Cash. Lists free. 10, 12, and 14, Bishopsgate-within, London, E.C.

ERARDS' PIANOS.—Messrs. ERARD, of 18, Great Marlborough-street, London, and 13, Rue de Mail, Paris, makers to Her Majesty and the Prince and Princess of Wales, CAUTION the Public that Piano-fortes are being sold under the name of "Erard" which are not of the manufacture of Erard. For information as to authenticity apply to 18, Great Marlborough-street, where new Pianofortes can be obtained from 50 gs.

ERARDS' PIANOS.—COTTAGES, from 50 guineas. OBLIQUES, from 95 guineas. GRANDS, from 125 guineas. Grand Prize (higher than Gold Medal) at Paris Exhibition, 1889.

PIANOFORTE MAKERS by APPOINTMENT to the QUEEN. BROADWOOD

JOHN BROADWOOD and SONS. BROADWOOD Have supplied the COURT from the reign of George II. Newly introduced Pianofortes of the finest quality. 33, GREAT PULTENEY-STREET (close to Piccadilly-circus), LONDON, W. Lists on application.

PLEYEL, WOLFF, and CO'S PIANOS. EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE OR HIRE. Illustrated Lists Free. Sole Agency, 170, New Bond-street, W.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR LIVER.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR BILE.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR INDIGESTION.

COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. FOR HEARTBURN.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and MOTTO?

Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Painting in heraldic colours, 7s. 6d. PEDIGREES TRACED. The correct colours for liveries, Arms of husband and wife blended. Crests engraved on seals and dies. Book-plates engraved in mediæval and modern styles. Snuff-boxes, 1s. 6d. from 42s.—25, Cranbourn-street, London, W.C.

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX OF CRESTED STATIONERY.—A Half-ream of BEST QUALITY Paper and SQUARE ENVELOPES, all stamped IN COLOUR with Crest or Address. No charge for engraving steel-die, Wedding and Invitation Cards. A card-plate and 50 best Visiting Cards, 2s. 6d.—J. CULLETON, Seal Engraver, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane), London, W.C.

First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by BROWN and POLSON in 1856.

BROWN and POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Was in the Field some time before any other was anywhere heard of, and no other has now an Equal Claim to the Public Confidence.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA. To wear with one stud centre of front. Sixteen different sizes, 14 in. to 18 in. neck. Ready for use, 5s. 6d. 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA SHIRTS. Special to Men and Boys. Illustrated self-measure post free. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

DRESS SHIRTS.—FORD and CO. Have an immense stock ready made. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

OLD SHIRTS Refronted, Wrist and Collar Banded, fine linen, 12s. 6d. Super, 15s. 6d.; Extra Fine, 18s. 6d. Send three (not less) with cash. Returned ready for use, carriage paid.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Awarded the HIGHEST HONOURS AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

CHOCOLAT MENIER in ½ lb. and ¼ lb. PACKETS. For BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Daily Consumption exceeds 50 Tons.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris, London, New York. Sold Everywhere.

THOMAS OETZMANN and CO. desire it to be most distinctly understood that they are Piano-forte Manufacturers only, and that their only address is 27, Baker-street, Portman-square, London, W.

£15. Good second-hand full-compass COTTAGE PIANOS, returned from hire, may now be obtained, packed free, and forwarded, from THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

£20. On receipt of £20, a thoroughly sound and Durable Walnut COTTAGE PIANO, fullest compass of 7 octaves, will be packed free, and sent to any part, from THOMAS OETZMANN and CO., 27, Baker-street, W.

D'ALMAINE and CO.—PIANOS AND ORGANS. Absolute Sale. 50 per cent discount. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 8 guineas, 10 guineas, 12 guineas, &c. Class 0, 14 guineas. Class 1, 17 guineas. Class 2, 20 guineas. Class 3, 23 guineas. Class 4, 26 guineas. Class 5, 29 guineas. Class 6, 32 guineas. Class 7, 35 guineas. Class 8, 38 guineas. Class 9, 41 guineas. Class 10, 44 guineas. Class 11, 47 guineas. Class 12, 50 guineas. American Organs, by all the best Makers, from 45 guineas upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.—T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Established 104 Years), 91, Finsbury-pavement, London.

BORD'S PIANOS on SALE, with 25 per cent discount for cash, or 15s. per month (second-hand, 10s. 6d. per month) on the three-years hire system.—Lists free of C. STILES and CO., 42, Southampton-row, Holborn, London. Pianos exchanged.

MANDOLINE.—Superior Lessons given by Professor KAHNE de Paris. Newest and Best Method. 12, Great Castle-street, Regent-street.

"ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU" There is no better Cough Medicine than KEATING'S LOZENGES. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough, try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 12s. 6d. tins.

TO CHILBLAINS, CHAPS, AND LADIES LIGHT CUTANEOUS AFFECTIONS are cured by CRÈME SIMON, recommended by all Doctors of Paris, and adopted by every Lady of Fashion. Whiteness and fortifies the skin, to which it imparts a fragrant perfume, and gives a velvety appearance. Bottles, 4s. 2s. 6d. J. SIMON, 30, Rue de Provence, Paris. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

MONTE CARLO SEASON, 1890.

The Committee of the Société des BAINS DE MER of Monaco have the honour to announce the following arrangements for the

THEATRICAL SEASON.

ROMEO ET JULIETTE.—Feb. 22-23.—Mesdames Melia, Degrandi; M. Dereims.
LE NOUVEAU SEIGNEUR.—March 1.—Mdlle. Paulin; M. Soulauroix.
LES NOCES DE JEANNETTE.—March 4.—Mdlle. Levasseur; M. Soulauroix.
ZAMPA.—March 8-11.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulauroix, Wainpo.
JOLI GILLES.—March 13-15.—Mdlle. Paulin; MM. Soulauroix, Wainpo.
LA PETITE AU VILLAGE VOISIN.—March 22-23.—Mdlle. Levasseur; MM. Soulauroix, Wainpo.
LE FLOTE.—March 26-27.—Mdlle. Levasseur, Paulin.
There will be given a Grand and Ballet Divertissement after each representation, and Four Performances will also be given by the Comédie-Française.

The Classical Concerts, under the direction of M. Steck, will be given every Thursday throughout the season; and the ordinary Daily Concerts will take place morning and evening as heretofore.

PIGEON-SHOOTING CONCOURS.

Saturday, Feb. 22. Prix de Lazhet.
Tuesday, Feb. 25.—Prix du Cap Saint-Jean.
Saturday, March 1.—Prix de la Rivière.
Tuesday, March 4.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 200 francs.
Wednesday, March 5.—Grand Prix de Clôture, an object of Art and 200 francs; Prix d'Adresse.
Saturday, March 8.—Opening of the Third Series of Shooting Matches, of which notice will be given.

AIX-LES-BAINS, SAVOY.—Rheumatism cured. Most important of Continental Sulphurous Spas. Eleven hours from Paris. Rheumatism, sciatica, gout, and catarrh of the pharynx, larynx, and nasal passages efficaciously treated. The celebrated doctors attend this luxurious and curative station.

LUCERNE.—Hôtels Schweizerhof and Lucernhof. An extra floor and two new lifts added to the Schweizerhof. The electric light is supplied in the 240 rooms; no charge for lighting or service. HAUSER FRERES, Proprietors.

MONTE CARLO.—Prince of Wales's Hotel. A superb edifice, especially built as a superior Family Hotel—200 beds—now open, magnificently furnished with every regard to comfort. It has a south aspect, with large gardens, terraces, and Lawn-Tennis Ground. The Hotel belongs to the same proprietors as the Hotel Victoria, and is close by. KEY FRERES.

NICE.—ENGLISH BANK. VVE. ADOLPHE LACHOIX and CO. NICE; 2, JARDIN PUBLIC. Agents for the Royal Yacht Squadron. Branch Bank, district of La Turbie. Villa d'astoria, behind the Hotel de Londres. MONTE CARLO, two minutes from the Casino. Reading-room.

NICE.—Grand Hôtel des Iles Britanniques. M. LAVIT, Director for twenty-four years of the Hôtel Cosmopolite, has taken on his own account the favourite family Hotel des Iles Britanniques, highly recommended.

GRAND CANARY.—Hôtel Santa Catalina. The finest Winter Climate in the World.—This charming hotel faces the Sea, and is surrounded by its own beautifully landscaped grounds. The hotel is replete with every modern improvement, and the sanitary arrangements leave nothing to be desired. Private Sitting-rooms are distributed conveniently throughout the building. Resident English Physician and English Church Service. Every information may be obtained and plans seen at the Office of the CANARY ISLANDS COMPANY, 1, Laurence Pountney-hill, London, E.C.

TOUR IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AND LEVANT. The Orient Company will dispatch their large full-powered steamship Garonne, 350 tons register, 300 horse power, from London on MARCH 12 for a Cruise of six weeks, visiting Gibraltar, Palermo, Syracuse, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, Malta, and Algiers. The Garonne is fitted with electric light, hot and cold baths, &c. Cuisine of the highest order. Managers—K. G. GUY and Co. and ANDERSON, ANDERSON, and Co., Fenchurch-avenue, London. For further particulars apply to the latter firm.

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS OF BATH. Daily yield, 507,600 galls. Natural temp. 117 to 120 Fahr. The Baths were founded by the Romans in the First Century. Most valuable in cases of Rheumatism, Gout, Skin Affections. The Baths have been recently enlarged and perfected at great expense. One of the greatest hygienic physicians says: "They are the most complete in Europe." They include Thermal, Vapour, Douche with Massage (by Doucheurs and Doucheuses from Continental Spas), Needle Baths, Pulverisation, Spray, Dry and Moist Heat, Massage and Inhalation Rooms. All forms of Shower and Medicated Baths. Bath Daily in the Pump-room. Address Manager for every information.

P. AND O. MAIL-STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, Brindisi, Every week. Egypt, Aden, and Madras via Bombay. CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, CHINA, STRAITS, Every week. JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA, ALEXANDRIA, alternate week, and NAPLES. DIRECT SERVICES from BRINDISI and NAPLES to EGYPT and the EAST. Cheap Return Tickets.

For Particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122, Leadenhall-street, E.C.; and 25, Cockspur-street, London, S.W.

LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING at Eight o'Clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips, and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily Ten to Five. Carriages at 10.45.—LYCEUM.

ART UNION OF LONDON.—Subscription. One Guinea. Every Subscriber receives a Set of Eight Choice Engravings by Burgess, Holford, Morris, Ridley, Roberts, and St. Aubin—besides a Chance of one of the numerous Valuable Prizes. The List will close March 31. The work is now ready. FRAS. BEXNOC, Hon. Sec. 112, Strand, February 1890.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—NOTICE TO ARTISTS.—The Days for receiving Paintings, Drawings, &c., are FRIDAY, SATURDAY, and MONDAY, MARCH 23, 24, and 25, and for Sculpture, TUESDAY, APRIL 1. Forms and labels can be obtained from the Academy during the month of March on receipt of stamped and directed envelope.

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

BRIGHTON.—FREQUENT TRAINS From Victoria and London Bridge Terminus. Also Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison-road). Return Tickets, London to Brighton, available eight days. Cheap Weekly, Fortnightly, and Monthly Season Tickets. Available by all Trains between London and Brighton. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Weekday From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d., including Pullman Car. Cheap Half-Guinea First Class Day Tickets to Brighton From Victoria and London Bridge every Saturday. Admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday From Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare 10s. Pullman Cars run in London and Brighton Fast Trains. Through bookings to Brighton from principal stations On the Railways in the Northern and Midland Districts.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE.

VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN.

Express Trains service Weekdays and Sundays. London to Paris (1, 2, 3 Class). Paris to London (1, 2, 3 Class). Victoria (West-End) 8.50 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 8.50 p.m. London Bridge (City) 9 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 9.10 p.m. London Bridge (City) 9.10 p.m. Paris (St. Lazare) 9.30 a.m. Victoria (West-End) 9.30 a.m.

Fares—Single, First 31s. 7d., Second 25s. 7d., Third 18s. 7d.; Return, First 58s. 3d., Second 42s. 3d., Third 31s. 3d. Powerful Paddle-Steamers with excellent Cabins, &c. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time-tables and Handbills to be obtained at Victoria London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent-street, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate-circus; and Gaze's Office, 145, Strand. (By Order) A. SABLE, Secretary and General Manager.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 81.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for MARCH. Containing THE BURN MILLION, by James Payn, Author of "By Proxy," &c. Claps, XXXIV. XXXV.—A SLAVE-DEALER, by J. G. H. M. ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON—THE BURN, and SEPTON'S SERVANT. London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

ON FISTULA, and its Radical Cure by Medicines. By J. COMPTON BURNETT, M.D. J. Epps and Co., 170, Piccadilly; and 48, Threadneedle-street.

THE HUMAN HAIR: Why it Falls Off or Turns Grey, and the Remedy. By PROFESSOR HARLEY PARKER. Published by E. MILES, 21, Chancery-lane, S.W. "Everybody should read this little book."—Scotsman.

STAMMERERS and STUTTERERS should read a book by a gentleman who cured himself after suffering nearly forty years. Post free for 13 stamps from Mr. B. BRASLEY, Sherwood, Willesden-lane, Bromptonbury, London; and Brompton Park, Huntingdon.

GOUT: Its Nervous Origin. By WALTER TYRRELL, M.R.C.S., Author of "Tonic Treatment of Epilepsy."—BEAUMONT and Co., 31, Chancery Cross-road, W.

THE MATRIMONIAL HERALD and FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE GAZETTE. Represents the largest and most successful Matrimonial Agency in the World, and is the original and sole medium for the Nobility, Gentry, and Commercial Classes. Price 3d., secure in plain envelope, 4d.—Editor, 6, Lamb's Conduit-street, London, W.C.; or order of all News-vendors.

NOTICE.—When furnishing send for ALFRED B. PEARCE'S CHINA and GLASS CATALOGUE. It is full of useful information—clear, concise, and practical—and includes new estimates. Post free. 33, Ludgate-hill. (Established 1790).

HOOPING COUGH. CROUP.

ROCHE'S HERBAL EMBROCATION. THE celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. EDWARDS and SON, 157, Queen Victoria-street, London, whose names are engraved on the Government Stamp. Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per Bottle.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST.

NEW SCOTCH TWEEDS. Fashionable, for present and early Spring wear. Large quantities of these useful and durable materials are now ready, at prices ranging from 1s. 9d. to 7s. 6d. per yard, double width.

PATTERNS POST FREE ON APPLICATION.

PARCELS over 20s. in Value Carriage Paid to any part of the Kingdom.

COSTUMES HALF PRICE.

150 CASHMERE and CLOTH COSTUMES, richly trimmed with Fancy Velvets and Silks. Original prices, Seven, Eight, and Nine Guineas, now reduced to half prices.

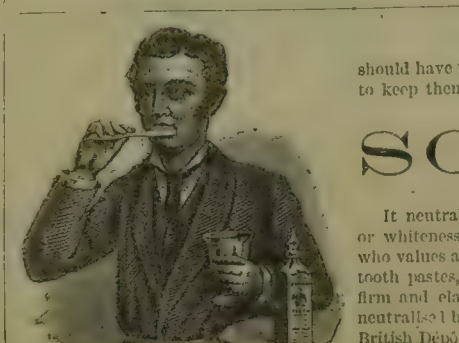
300 CHILDREN'S FANCY JERSEY COSTUMES, in various designs. Original prices, 10s. 6d. to 25s. 6d., now reduced to 3s. 11d., 5s. 11d., 7s. 11d.

EVERYTHING for LADIES' WEAR.

PETER ROBINSON, OXFORD-ST.

LIQUEUR OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

This delicious Liqueur, which has lately come as a result into public favour on account of its wonderful properties of aiding Digestion and preventing Dyspepsia, can now be had of all the principal Wine and Spirit Merchants. Sole Consignee—W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched-friars, London, E.C.



PRETTY LIPS

should have pearly teeth behind them. To make the teeth pearly and to keep them so there is nothing like

FRAGRANT SOZODONT

FOR THE TEETH.

It neutralises every element of impurity that affects the soundness or whiteness of the teeth. **Sozodont** should be used by everyone who values a good set of teeth. It has none of the acrid properties of tooth pastes, &c.; and, instead of contracting the gums, renders them firm and elastic. All disagreeable odours arising from the breath are neutralised by the use of **Sozodont**. Sold by Chemists at 2s. 6d. British Depot: 10, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

STREETERS' DIAMONDS

WHITE & MODERN CUT MOUNTED From £5. to £5,000. 18 NEW BOND ST., W. LONDON.

This Jewellery Business was established in the City in the reign of King George the Third.

Mazzini Stuart and John Moore, the executors and trustees. The testator devises an annuity of £150 to Miss Selina Moss, sister of his late wife; legacies to his children and servants; and £500 to his executor John Moore. The residue of his real and personal estate is bequeathed, one third thereof for his son, Mazzini Stuart, and two thirds for his daughter, Selina Stuart. The gross value of personalty in England has been sworn at £46,394 9s. 4d. In addition to this, the testator possessed a large property in land and merchandise abroad.

The will (dated Nov. 9, 1888) of Mr. Edward Richard Meade, late of No. 28, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Jan. 29 by Miss Constance Isabel Meade, the daughter, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £30,000. The testator appoints out of the trust funds under his marriage-settlement £2000 to his daughter Mary Frances Broadwood; £10,000 to his daughter Constance Isabel Meade; £6000 to his daughter Helen Adelaide Gerard; and the remainder thereof to his said three daughters. He leaves his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, to his daughter Constance Isabel; legacies to his nephew, butler, and housemaid; and the residue of his property to his three daughters.

The will (dated Aug. 5, 1886) of Colonel Peter Brame Nolloth, late of North-terrace, Camberwell, who died on Nov. 16 last, was proved on Feb. 1 by Miss Hannah Nolloth, the sister, and the Rev. Henry Edward Nolloth and the Rev. Charles Frederick Nolloth, the nephews, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £25,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 and his household furniture and effects to his brother Edward, who has since died; and legacies to his said nephews. The residue of his estate is to be divided equally between his brother Henry Ovenden, and his sisters Hannah and Sarah.

The will (dated Aug. 23, 1888) of Mrs. Elizabeth Charlotte Radcliffe, late of Derriford, near Plymouth, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on Feb. 4 by Pollexfen Colmore Copleston Radcliffe, J.P., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £16,000. In addition to other bequests to him the testatrix bequeaths £9000, upon trust, for her son Ernest Copleston; and legacies to daughters, sons-in-law, and servant. The residue of her real and personal estate she gives to her son Pollexfen Colmore Copleston.

The will (dated Dec. 29, 1888) of Mr. Thomas Oldham Barlow, R.A., late of Auburn Lodge, Victoria-road, Kensington, who died on Dec. 24 last, was proved on Feb. 4 by Mrs. Ellen Barlow, the widow, John Henry Robinson, C.E., and

Miss Lucy Jane Barlow, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £11,000. The testator bequeaths £100 and all his furniture and household goods and effects (except pictures, plates, prints, armour, china, and curios in his studios) to his wife; and £100 to his executor, Mr. Robinson. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, and then for his two daughters, Lucy Jane and Mary Anna.

The will of Sir Paul William Molesworth, Bart., formerly of Kenegie, Penzance, and late of the Tower, Newquay, Cornwall, who died on Dec. 23 last, was proved on Feb. 11 by Dame Jane Frances Molesworth, the widow, and Sir Lewis William Molesworth, Bart., the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £9000.

MUSIC.

The return of Herr Joachim has, for many years, been a special event in London music, and was again so on Feb. 17, when he reappeared at a Monday Popular Concert at St. James's Hall, and was, as usual, warmly greeted on stepping on to a platform with which he has so long been associated. The great violinist led the third of Beethoven's "Rasoumowski" quartets with those rare qualities of tone and style for which he has long been renowned. The solo set down for him was Bach's "Chaconne" (in D minor) for violin alone, in which—as often before—he mastered its elaborate difficulties with the skill of a consummate master. Miss Zimmermann, who was the pianist of the evening, played some pieces by Scarlatti; and vocal solos were contributed by Miss L. Lehmann. The programme was completed by a string quartet of Haydn. The previous afternoon performance—on Feb. 15—included a repetition of Brahms's gipsy-songs—now established favourites at these concerts. The pianist of the day was Mdlle. Janotha, Herr Kruse having been the leading violinist, and Mrs. Henschel, Miss M. Hall, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Henschel the vocalists.

The second of this year's Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Feb. 15, being the eleventh performance of the thirty-fourth series. The programme on this occasion brought forward a pianoforte concerto composed by Herr Jacob Rosenhain. The composer obtained great and deserved celebrity as a pianist both in his native Germany and at Paris, and also in London, where he played at a concert of the Philharmonic Society. He has produced many estimable compositions, both for his own instru-

ment and for the orchestra, besides works for the operatic stage. Although not, perhaps, possessing the requisites for wide popular renown, he is a musician of high and sterling merit. The concerto now referred to is full of musical interest, and possesses a coherence of form and treatment which has been gradually disappearing from musical composition since the date of the work referred to. It was admirably played by Miss F. Davies, who also contributed some unaccompanied solos. The concert included the first appearance of Mdlle. Sinico, daughter of the lady who was, for some seasons, an important member of our Italian Opera establishments. The young vocalist displayed much promise in her rendering of arias by Mozart and Meyerbeer. Other features of the concert require no comment. The evening promenade concerts, on Thursdays and Saturdays, are resumed.

The sixth concert of the Royal Choral Society was appropriated to a performance, at the Albert Hall, of Gounod's oratorio "The Redemption," the first of the two great sacred works by which he supplemented his previous triumphs as a dramatic composer.

A grand sacred concert at St. James's Hall (in association with the Ballad Concerts) was organised for the evening of Ash Wednesday, supported by several eminent solo vocalists, and Mr. E. Fanning's select choir.

The Cheltenham Musical Festival Society announced a performance there, on Feb. 18, of Sir Arthur Sullivan's cantata "The Golden Legend," preceded by his overture "In Memoriam."

The sixth and last of the series of Mr. Henschel's "London Symphony Concerts" at St. James's Hall was announced for Feb. 20; too late for present notice.

The announcements of recent miscellaneous concerts have included the first of three vocal recitals by Miss M. Hall and Mr. W. Nicholl at Steinway Hall; the fifty-third performance of the Musical Artists' Society at Princes' Hall; a concert at St. James's Hall by the Stock Exchange Orchestral Society; a pianoforte recital in the same building by M. and Madame De Pachmann; and a concert by Miss W. Parker at St. James's Hall.

A meeting of the Victoria Institute was held on Feb. 17, when the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker, F.L.S., read a paper upon his entomological and botanical researches in Iceland. The paper, which contained a more exhaustive account of the insect fauna of Iceland than has yet been published, was well received, and was followed by an interesting discussion.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

EPPS'S (GRATEFUL, COMFORTING) COCOA

a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

For its rich handsome appearance, lovely artistic draperies, and sterling good wearing qualities, we recommend that wonderful resemblance to the richest Silk Velvet,

THE CELEBRATED "LOUIS" VELVETEEN.

Special attention is drawn to the
100 VARIETIES OF NEW SPRING SHADES,
comprising all the latest tints, and excelling in brilliancy and velvet-like appearance all previous productions.
To be Obtained from Drapers throughout the United Kingdom.

WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.
An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to
JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA.
The best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion, and safest aperient for delicate constitutions, ladies and children. Of all Chemists.

The users of SALT REGAL have hitherto escaped
THE EPIDEMIC.
SALT REGAL a Preventive and Safeguard!!

EXTRACT—Letter from a large firm in Barcelona, written on New Year's Day.
"With regard to Salt Regal, we are pleased to say that the users have hitherto escaped the epidemic, the writer especially is the only one in our office who has not been seized, having been the only one to take Salt Regal daily, whereas all the others, from the principal to the office boy, have been ill, several very severely."

FORTIFY YOURSELVES
Against the attacks of this and all infectious diseases by using the pleasant and refreshing
SALT REGAL

Heads of Families NEED HAVE NO FEAR of Infectious Diseases for themselves or their children if they will use SALT REGAL. Influenza, Fevers, Malaria, Cholera, and the like are harmless to those who use SALT REGAL. There is no preparation like it in the world.
SOLD EVERYWHERE, 1s. 6d. & 2s. 9d. Protected by Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

WHY
WHY
WHY
WHY
WHY?

Why do the Clergy and Gentry use
Why do all Professional Men use
Why do Oxford and Cambridge Men use
Why do Clubs and Societies use
Why do Schools and Colleges use
Why do Ladies, Ancient and Modern, use
Why do all Commercial Firms use
Because it is delightful to write upon.
Because it is so reasonable in price.

HIERATICA?
HIERATICA?
HIERATICA?
HIERATICA?
HIERATICA!
HIERATICA!

HIERATICA is the favourite NOTE PAPER. The ANCIENT WRITING PAPER of the PRIESTS. Each Sheet water-marked HIERATICA. Reject Substitutes. 5 Quires, 1s.; Envelopes, 1s. 100. Of all Stationers. Any difficulty to obtain, send Stamps to Hieratica Works, 68, Upper Thames-street, London. Samples Free. Parcels Carriage Paid.



EVERY REQUISITE FOR
FAMILY & COMPLIMENTARY MOURNING.
ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

256 to 262, REGENT ST.

PETER ROBINSON.

MOURNING ORDERS.

PETER ROBINSON'S experienced Assistants and Dress-fitters travel to any part of the country with goods for selection immediately on receipt of letter or telegram. They take with them Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and everything that may be required, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased at the warehouse in London.

Travelling expenses are not charged, however distant the residence may be.

Telegraphic Address—"PETER ROBINSON, LONDON."
Telephone Number 3557.

PETER ROBINSON { MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT ST., LONDON.



Good morning! Have you used Pear's soap?

HOLLAND'S
INEXPENSIVE
 HIGH-CLASS FURNITURE.
 4, EBURY-ST., GROSVENOR-GARDENS,
 By Victoria Station.

Trade-Mark.

EUTELEES.

Trade-Mark.

CATALOGUES ON APPLICATION.

OUR BOYS' TOY.
PERRY & CO.'S CHICAGO AIR GUN



IS THE CHEAPEST AIR GUN IN THE WORLD.
 CHICAGO AIR GUNS.—Send for Sample. Will kill small game at 50 feet. Shoots darts or slugs. An excellent gun for target practice. Cannot explode. Sold by dealers in Fancy Goods. Price 5s. 6d. each.
 SEND FOR PERRY & CO.'S CHICAGO AIR GUN. Price 5s. 6d. each.
 SOLD BY ALL DEALERS IN FANCY GOODS.
 Wholesale: **PERRY & CO., HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.**

Allen & Hanburys'
 "Perfected"

Cod Liver Oil
 "Is as nearly tasteless as Cod-Liver Oil can be."—Lancet.
 "Has almost the delicacy of salad oil."—Brit. Med. Journal.
 Can be borne and digested by the most delicate—is the only Oil which does not repeat, and for these reasons the most efficacious kind in use. In capsuled Bottles only, at 1s. 4d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 9d., and 9s. Sold Everywhere.
 NOTE PARTICULARLY.—This Oil is **NEVER** sold in bulk, and cannot be genuine unless in the Capsuled Bottles bearing Allen and Hanburys' Name and Trade-Mark (a Plough).
 LIQUID MALT, forms a valuable adjunct to Cod-Liver Oil, a powerful aid to the digestion, and very palatable, possessing the nutritive and peptic properties of malt in perfection. It is a valuable aliment in Consumption and Wasting Diseases. In Bottles, at 1s. 9d. each.

BYNIN

IMPORTANT SALE.

AT A
REDUCTION
 OF
33 TO 50 PER CENT.
 FROM NET PRICES.
SILVER, ELECTRO-PLATE,
CUTLERY, DRESSING-BAGS, &c., &c.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE POST FREE.

Dissolution of Partnership, and Entire Reconstruction of

MAPPIN BROTHERS

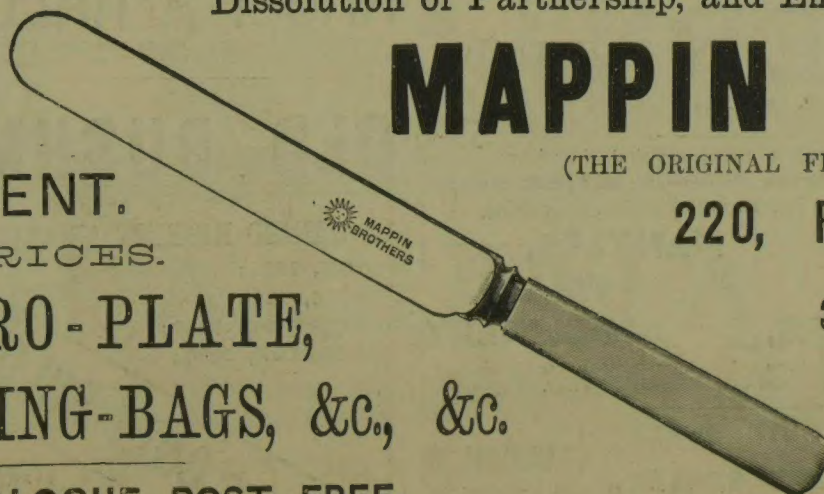
(THE ORIGINAL FIRM—ESTABLISHED 1810),

220, REGENT STREET,
 AND

35, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

MANUFACTORY:

QUEEN'S WORKS,
SHEFFIELD.



THE PLAYHOUSES.

Stage annals surely tell of no actor having received such a remarkable series of farewell banquets as sped Mr. Toole on his way rejoicing to Australia. Prince and peer, the most distinguished members of "the profession," and, indeed, all sorts and conditions of men combined to give this great public favourite the heartiest of godspeeds. The most notable banquet to Mr. Toole was that over which Sir Edward Clarke, the Solicitor-General, cheerily presided at the Hôtel Métropole on Feb. 12. Nothing could have been happier than the speech in which Sir Edward Clarke eloquently traced the honourable career of the popular comedian, who responded with a cluster of funny stories; nothing more felicitous than Mr. Irving's earnest recital of Mr. Clement Scott's admirable farewell verses, or our great tragedian's proposal of the chairman's health. The unparalleled succession of "send off" festivities aptly closed with the dinner given to Mr. Toole by the Prince of Wales at the Garrick Club, on St. Valentine's Day, and with the "stirrup cup" offered by Mr. Irving to his staunch friend on the eve of his departure. There can be no doubt that a similarly cordial welcome awaits Mr. Toole in Australia. As Mr. Clement Scott truly said, in his sympathetic poem:—

Man of the merry heart! how we shall miss
The kindly crew with whom you've cheered life's stage:
The peeping Pry! sweet Caleb's gentle kiss!
The youthful Spriggins! Garner bowed with age!
How we shall long for one more grasp of hand,
When fades the ship, and cheers in distance die!
God speed you, Johnnie! To that lovely land
We lend our best! Farewell! but not Good-bye!

Lent has come, but the gaiety of London is not wholly eclipsed. We have no "Battle of Flowers," to make believe spring is here. But plentiful laughter dissipates the "blues," grace to the mirth caused by that merry newcomer, "Dr. Bill," at the Avenue; and thanks to the well of humour still forthcoming from Mrs. John Wood, "Aunt Jack," at the Court; to the innate drollery of Mr. David James in his prime ("prime

Dossit") creation of Perkyn Middlewick in the revived comedy of "Our Boys" at the Criterion.

The attractiveness of the late Mr. Watts Phillips's powerful drama of "The Dead Heart," so superbly revived by Mr. Henry Irving, is unabated at the Lyceum. But, in accordance with his yearly custom, Mr. Irving closed his theatre on Ash Wednesday; and, while giving his company a holiday, sacrificed his own leisure to fulfil his engagement as President of the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, and to deliver the presidential address. Another successful drama of French life, Mr. Robert Buchanan's capital adaptation, "A Man's Shadow," retains its hold on the public at the Haymarket, owing doubtless to the interest of the strong plot and to the powerful acting of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the dual rôle of the hero and the villain who shadows him, likewise of Mr. Fernandez in the arduous part of the counsel. Mr. Tree has started a "Man's Shadow" Company on a provincial tour, opening well at the Grand Theatre, Islington. It should be added that "London Day by Day" yet draws London night by night to the Adelphi.

That a really tuneful opera rarely fails to interest may be judged by a visit to the Opéra Comique, where Mr. H. Gittus Lonsdale has revived M. Planquette's melodious "Cloches de Corneville" with spirit. Mr. Lonsdale himself sustains the tenor part of the Marquis de Corneville, singing his love-songs sweetly enough; and the Germaine, Miss Helen Capet, a very prepossessing lady, met with a favourable reception. Miss Marian Erle, at a very brief notice, undertook the vivacious part of Serpolette, and acquitted herself admirably. There was a lively Christopher forthcoming in Miss Florence Lonsdale; and Mr. Cadwaladr's resonant voice was heard to advantage in the songs of Grenicheux. It would be difficult to find a more humorous Baillie and Gobo than Mr. Tom Poulton and Mr. Charles Ashford. As for the merits of Mr. Shiel Barry's impressive performance of the miser Gaspard, they are well known.

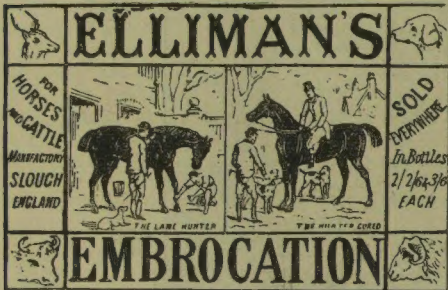
Another mirthful entertainment, "My Brother's Sister,"

was forthcoming at the Gaiety matinée on Feb. 15, when Miss Minnie Palmer delighted the admirers of the American "Variety" form of fun by appearing in male and female attire, and by enacting with characteristic zest and humour the parts of brother and sister in one and the same piece.

I dare say I am in a minority on the subject of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's so-called "satire," recently produced by Miss Cissy Grahame at Terry's Theatre, and called "New Lamps for Old." "My dear fellow," says one whose opinion I respect, "I laughed consumedly." Well, I am delighted to hear it. I only wish I could do the same. As a rule I do not think I am a dull dog at the play. I have laughed pretty loudly in my time. But for the life of me I could not laugh at Miss Gertrude Kingston in her ultra-realistic performance of the "Man Woman." She made me shudder. Mr. Penley in a lift is, no doubt, very funny, but a little of such a jeet goes a long way. Mr. Jerome's idea is certainly a very happy one. His dialogue is often admirable and to the point; but he seems to me to have started off at a tremendous pace, and to have broken down at the half-distance. It does not concern me very much if plays that some people consider far-fetched to others are intensely amusing. I am only sorry that I am so dense as not to be able to see uproarious fun in such a detestable specimen of womanhood as that represented by Miss Kingston for our delectation.

On Saturday morning, Feb. 15, Mr. J. L. Toole, with the echoes of many compliments fading in his ears, started for Nice, Monaco, and Genoa, on his road to Brindisi to meet the Britannia, bound for Australia. In his company was one who has never been out of England during the winter in his life, who has never seen Nice, Monaco, or Genoa. Don't be very vexed, then, if instead of cross and crabbed reviews of plays and players the readers of the *Illustrated London News* receive a few tantalising accounts of palm-trees and sunshine and blue seas and orange-groves and sunny Italian cities from C. S.

NO STABLE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT



FOR SPRAINS, CURBS, AND SPLINTS WHEN FORMING.
FOR OVER-REACHES, CHAPPED HEELS, WIND GALLS.
FOR RHEUMATISM IN HORSES.
FOR SORE THROATS AND INFLUENZA.
FOR BROKEN KNEES, BRUISES, CAPPED HOCKS.
FOR SORE SHOULDERS, SORE BACKS.
FOR SPRAINS, CUTS, BRUISES IN DOGS.

"I have used it for some time past, and find it very efficacious if properly applied."
T. WALTON KNOLLES.
Master of the South Union Hunt (Ireland).

ELLIMAN'S ROYAL EMBROCATION.
Sold by Chemists and Saddlers. Price 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d.
Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS, & CO., Slough, Eng.

ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.

FOR
RHEUMATISM,
LUMBAGO,
SPRAINS.

UNIVERSAL
ELLIMAN'S
EMBROCATION

BRUISES,
CHEST COLDS,
SORE THROAT from COLD,
STIFFNESS.

Prepared only by ELLIMAN, SONS & Co, Slough, Eng.

TRELOAR'S SPECIAL LOW PRICES FOR FOREIGN FLOOR RUGS AND CARPETS.



3000 KURD RUGS at 6s. 6d. each.

TURKEY CARPETS

Have never been so low in price as at present.
Ask for Price for any Size.

BRUSSELS CARPETS.

500 Bordered Carpets, made from remnants
and old patterns, always in Stock at
Reduced Prices.

ELEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

ANATOLIAN RUGS, In all Sizes.
DECCAN RUGS, 12s. 6d. EACH.
Size about 7 ft. by 4 ft.

DAGHESTAN RUGS.

Axminster, Wilton, Brussels, & Saxony Carpets
AT REDUCED PRICES.

TRELOAR & SONS, 68, 69, 70, LUDGATE HILL.

TRELOAR'S LINOLEUM

IS WELL SEASONED, AND THEREFORE
WEARS WELL.

A Catalogue of Best

FLOOR COVERINGS

And Estimates Post Free.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

Best Preserver of the Hair.
Best Brilliantine for the Beard, Whiskers, and
Moustaches.
Also in Golden Colour. 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d.

Rowland's Odonto

A Pure Non-Gritty Tooth Powder.
Whitens the Teeth.
Prevents Decay.
Sold Everywhere.



POWELL'S BALSAM OF ANISEED.

The Surest Cough Medicine.

TRY IT!

20,000 CHEMISTS SELL IT.

WINTER SEASON.

Ladies' **REDFERN** Tailor

To H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

MESSRS. REDFERN beg to announce that they have now on
view in their show-rooms, 26, CONDUIT STREET, the whole
of their exhibit from the late Paris Exhibition, comprising:—

GOWNS, MANTLES,
COATS, WRAPS,
ULSTERS, MILLINERY.

Special Cloths and unique colourings are constantly being
made for the use of REDFERN only.

26 & 27, CONDUIT STREET, } LONDON, W.
27, NEW BOND STREET, }
Also Cowes, Paris, Nice, New York, Edinburgh, & 57, Cross-st., Manchester.

FURS.—A special
feature is
made of perfectly
fitting SEAL SKIN
JACKETS.



KROPP RAZOR
WARRANTED PERFECT. NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING.
Black Handle, 5s. 6d. Ivory Handle, 7s. 6d. From all Dealers.

OLD BUSHMILLS

GAINED HIGHEST AWARDS:

CORK, 1883;
PARIS, 1886;
LIVERPOOL, 1886;
ADELAIDE, 1887;

AND

PARIS,
1889.

As supplied to the leading Clubs and Aristocracy.
As supplied to Home and Foreign Messes.
Sold by all leading Grocers throughout the World.

The Bushmills Old Distillery Co., Ltd.,
Distillery—BUSHMILLS, CO. ANTRIM.

Offices, Hill Street, Belfast. London Office and Depot, 3, 4, 5, and 6,
Camomile Street, E.C. Birmingham Office and Depot, 12, County
Chambers, Corporation Street. Manchester Office and Depot, 25,
Haworth Buildings, Cross Street.

THE ONLY GOLD MEDAL FOR WHISKEY

To our Readers.

THIS exquisite illustration, which is perhaps the most artistic study yet produced in the form of an advertisement, depicts

Health Crowning Beauty.

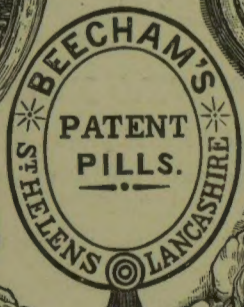
HEALTH, ever ready to admire, is disclosing the all important secret that to retain her charms, and enjoy the blessings of their possession, BEAUTY must avail herself of those provisions which science has discovered to repel or cure disorders, the *premier* of which is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

*A Wonderful Medicine,
and justly worthy of its
Enormous Popularity.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

TRADE MARK



WITHOUT
A
RIVAL

THROUGHOUT
THE
WORLD.

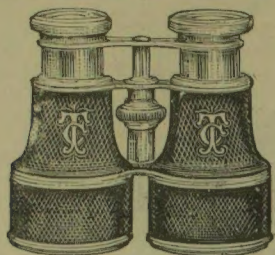
F.S. & M. WALKER, DEL.

THE LEADENHALL

PRESS SCULP.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA'S
PRESENTS.
USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.



LADIES' IVORY OPERA GLASS,
gilt mounted, with Engraved Monogram. Prices from
£1 12s. 6d.

GENTLEMEN'S LEATHER-COVERED FIELD GLASS,
with Monogram in pierced Silver. Price from £2 15s.
Opera-Glasses mounted in Aluminium, Tortoiseshell, or
Pearl. Barometers, Binoculars, Microscopes, Telescopes,
Magic Lanterns, &c., of every description.
Illustrated Price-Lists posted free to all parts of the World.

NEGRETTI & ZAMBRA,
SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENT MAKERS AND OPTICIANS
TO THE QUEEN,
HOLBORN VIADUCT, E.C.
BRANCHES: 45, Cornhill; 122, Regent-street;
Photographic Studio, Crystal Palace.
Negretti and Zambra's Illustrated Catalogue of
Astronomical, Optical, Nautical, and Surveying Instruments,
1200 Engravings, price 5s. 6d.

DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME.
**CRAB APPLE
BLOSSOMS.**
(Regd.)



The fragrant, delicious, and
universally popular new perfume of
The CROWN PERFUMERY CO.
"A scent of surpassing delicacy,
richness, and lasting quality."
Court Journal.
MADE ONLY BY
THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,
177, New Bond-street, W.
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

USE
F R Y'S
PURE CONCENTRATED
C O C O A

To secure this Article, please ask for
"Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa."
"It is especially adapted to those whose digestive organs
are weak."—Sir Charles A. Cameron, M.D.



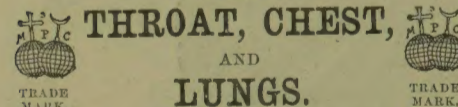
LIBERAL PRICES PAID
for Choice Specimens of
White, Black, or Pink.
SPINK & SON,
Diamond & Pearl Merchants,
2, Gracechurch St., Cornhill,
London.
EST. 1772. Under the Patronage
of H.M. the Queen.
Telegrams: "Spink, London."

INFLUENZA.

Only efficient Preventive and Curative against this
Prostrating Epidemic is

**SODEN MINERAL
PASTILLES.**

Universally acknowledged the Best Remedy for
Affections of the



Recommended by the Greatest Medical Authorities,
especially by SIR MORELL MACKENZIE, whose testi-
monial is affixed to each box.

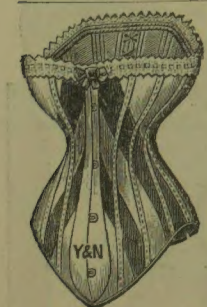
They are irresistible in the Cure of all Chronic Catarrhal
affections, as

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, IRRITATION,
DIPHTHERIA, AND CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.**

They are Nature's own Medicine, and contain neither
drugs nor anodynes; and therefore be safely given even
to children of tender age.

Nobody, old or young, should ever be without them.

Sold in Boxes, 1s. 1½d., by all Chemists, and by
THE SODEN MINERAL PRODUCE COMPANY,
LIMITED,
52, BREAD STREET, CHEAPSIDE.



THE Y & N
PATENT
DIAGONAL SEAM CORSET.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear
in the Fabric. Exquisite Model.
Perfect Comfort, Guaranteed Wear.
Beware of worthless imitations.
Every genuine Y & N Patent Diagonal
is stamped "Y & N Patent Diagonal"
Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

GOLDEN HAIR.—Robare's AUREOLINE
produces the beautiful golden colour so much admired.
Warranted perfectly harmless. Price 5s. 6d. and 10s. 6d., of all
principal Perfumers and Chemists throughout the world.
Agents, R. HOVENDEN and SONS, 31 and 32, Berners-st., W.

DR. DE JONGH'S
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM
KNIGHT OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL

Incontestably proved by Thirty-five Years' Universal Medical Experience to be
**THE PUREST, THE MOST PALATABLE, THE MOST DIGESTIBLE, AND THE MOST EFFICACIOUS
IN CONSUMPTION, THROAT AFFECTIONS, AND DEBILITY OF ADULTS AND CHILDREN.**

SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.

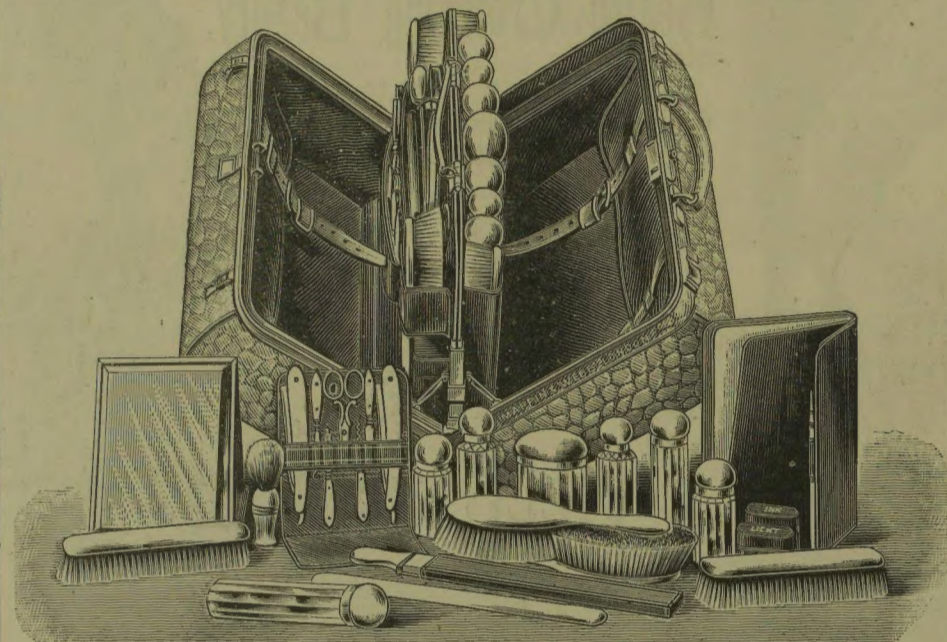
Sir JOHN T. BANKS, Bart., M.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.
"I consider DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver
Oil the best of all the specimens of Oil which have ever
come under my notice."

Sir GEORGE H. PORTER, Bart., M.D.,
Surgeon in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.
"I am frequently in the habit of ordering DR. DE
JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil, and consider it a
very efficacious remedy."

Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, M.D.,
Physician, Hospital for Diseases of the Throat.
"I have found your Light-Brown Oil much more
uniform in character, more uniform in its action, and
more easily digested than any other Cod Liver Oil."

Sir G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Westminster Hospital.
"The value of DR. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod
Liver Oil as a therapeutic agent in a number of diseases,
chiefly of an exhaustive character, has been admitted by
the world of medicine."

Sold ONLY in Capsuled Imperial Half-Pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; by all Chemists and Druggists.
Sole Consignees—ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 210, High Holborn, London, W.C.
CAUTION.—Resist mercenary attempts to recommend or substitute inferior kinds.



MAPPIN & WEBB'S TRAVELLING BAGS & DRESSING CASES
with all their latest Improvements.
ILLUSTRATED BAG CATALOGUE (No. 2) POST FREE.
OXFORD STREET, W.; POULTRY (MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS), CITY, LONDON.

ADAMS'S THE OLDEST AND
FURNITURE BEST.
POLISH. "THE QUEEN"
Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—
Dec. 22, 1883.
Sold by Grocers, Ironmongers, Cabinetmakers,
Oilmen, &c.
MANUFACTORY: VALLEY ROAD, SHEFFIELD.

"PUMILINE."

Recommended by Sir Morell Mackenzie, Dr. Litton Forbes, Dr. Barnes's "Journal of Gynecology," and
more than 1000 Eminent British Medical Men, and in use at all Therapeutic Establishments.



A Pine Harvest in the Alps.

The **PUMILINE EXTRACT** (1s. per bottle), for use in baths, is also highly efficacious. Soothing,
healing, and invigorating.

CAUTION.—Insist on having "PUMILINE." The word "PUMILINE" is Stern's Registered Trade Mark, and
proceedings will be instituted against anyone using the word "PUMILINE" other than for Stern's preparations.

Of all Chemists, or (with 3d. extra for postage), from the Proprietors,
G. & C. STERN, 62, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.

A useful pamphlet on the "HOME USE OF PUMILINE," post-free to all applicants.



SNOW WHITE BLEACH
BELFAST LINENS
HOUSE-KEEPER'S GUIDE.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, assorted Patterns, 4 by 2 TABLE NAPKINS, to Match, 12/6 per doz.
66 in. square, 2/9 each. ALL LINEN CHAMBER TOWELS, 4/11 per doz.
DITTO NAPKINS, 2/11 per doz. 90 in. wide LINEN SHEETING, 2/4½ per yard.
DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS, 3 yards long, 16 in. ROLLER TOWELLING, 3/4d. per yard.
ROBERTSON, LEDLIE, FERGUSON, & CO., Limited,
BANK BUILDINGS, BELFAST.



ROBINSON and CLEAVER'S
GAMBRIC POCKET
HANDKERCHIEFS.
Samples and Price-Lists, post-free.
Children's .. 1/3 Hemstitched ..
Ladies' .. 2/4 Ladies' .. 2/11 Per
Gents' .. 3/6 Gents' .. 4/11 Per
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.



CORPULENCY.
Recipe and notes how to harmlessly, effectually, and
rapidly cure Obesity without semi-starvation dietary,
&c. "Sunday Times" says: "Mr. Russell's aim is to
eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is
the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he
prescribes does not lower but builds up and tones the
system." Book, 128 pages (8 stamps).
F. C. RUSSELL, Woburn House,
27, Store-street, Bedford-square, London, W.C.

NOW READY. 16th Edition. 117th Thousand.
Post-Free of Author, 5s. Abridged Edition, 1s.
THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION
BY AN ENTIRELY NEW REMEDY.
Containing also Chapters on the Cure of
CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, AND CATARRH.
Under this treatment an extraordinary number of cases, pro-
nounced incurable by the most eminent physicians, have been
restored to health, proving that the disease, however far
advanced, is amenable to this method of cure.
By **EDWIN W. ALABONE, M.D.,**
Phil., U.S.A., F.R.M.S., &c., &c.,
Lynton House, Highbury Quadrant, London, N. Late Consult-
ing Physician to the Home for Reclaimed Females, the Lower
Clapton Orphan Asylum, and the Clapton Dispensary; Author
of "The Curative Treatment of Consumption"; "Phthisis:
its Diagnosis and Treatment"; "The Specific Treatment of
Phthisis," &c.

CHAPPED HANDS

MARRIS'S

ALMOND TABLETS

Remove all redness
and roughness, ren-
dering the Hands
White, Smooth, and
Delicate.

Of all Perfumers and
Chemists.

Wholesale of the
Proprietors:

R. HOVENDEN & SONS,

31 & 32, Berners-st., W.,
AND

91-95, City-road, E.C.



Prices:
6d., 1s., &
2s. 6d.
per Box.

MELLIN'S
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.
FOOD.

**NUDA VERITAS HAIR
RESTORER.**



What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH?

NUDA VERITAS—NAKED TRUTH.

For 22 years it has never failed
to rapidly restore grey or faded
hair, either in youth or age.

It arrests falling, causes lux-
uriant growth, is permanent, and
perfectly harmless.

In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hair-
dressers and Chemists. Circulars
on application.

Wholesale Agents: **R. HOVENDEN and SONS,**
31 & 32, Berners-street, W.; and 91-95, City-road, E.C. London.

KINAHAN'S
LL
WHISKY.

NERVE FORCE
ACTUALLY RE-CREATED

Without drugs—by mild continuous currents of Electric-
ity—imperfectly generated by simply wearing one of

HARNES'S

ELECTROPATHIC BELTS.

Scientists should call and see them scientifically tested
and personally inspect the Thousands of unsolicited
Testimonials received from the grateful multitude who
have been permanently restored to health by this natural,
simple, and pleasant means of cure. 5,000 Compli-
mentary Press Reports. Pamphlet and Advice free,
personally or by letter, on application to the

Medical Battery Company, Ltd., at their
Electro-therapeutic and Zander Institute,
52, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

(Corner of Rathbone Place.)
All communications are considered strictly private,
and should be addressed to the
President, Mr. C. B. Harness.

TAYLOR'S CIMOLITE is the only
thoroughly harmless SKIN POWDER. Prepared by an
experienced Chemist, and constantly prescribed by the most
eminent Skin Doctors. Post free. Sent for 14 or 36 penny
stamps. MOST VALUABLE.
J. TAYLOR, Chemist, 13, Baker-street, London, W.